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AND

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the First Revolution in France; comprising the Period from 1787 to 1802.
By John Bell, Esq. 8vo. pp. 418. London, 1830. Westley.

NAPOLEON was wont to *apophrise*, that a revolution in France was a revolution throughout Europe. This gasconade, though unwarranted when uttered, and from which succeeding events withheld their sanction, was nevertheless well calculated to gratify Gallic vanity, and the indignant taste for grandiloquence. It will be considered to carry with it no deeper meaning, than, that the local success of any principles, whether of good or of evil, naturally kindles the hopes of all who cherish kindred feelings, and it may be, engenders them sometimes in others, by whom, but for their alien ascendancy, such would never have been naturalised or fostered. That France has not unfrequently taken the lead in Europe, or that some unsettled districts have seized the chance of treading in her steps, none can deny; but that surrounding nations ever do implicit homage to her republican dogmata, was an assumption arising neither from foresight nor conviction, and worthy rather of Bonapartes than of Buonapartes. If it were true, that France, by her example, revolutionises Europe, why, to confirm our view, did not England follow in her wake? there was neither wanting the physical force of a discontented rabble, nor the voice of sedition to halloo them on; nor can we forget, that it did not fail to cry aloud and spare not. The cause was simply, that in England the same despotism was not to be found, nor the same abuses, which in France had burst its bonds. It did not escape the conviction of reason, that from among the long catalogue of grievances which clogged the French people, the only faint parallel that could be traced then, as now, lay in our remnant of the game laws, and the plurality of our benefices. In retracing the events of the French revolution, the loyal subject has to lament the folly and perversity of the monarch, who, though conscious of debilitated power, still doted on the shadow of his tyranny; and the lover of liberty finds not the less reason to shrink back from the frenzy of its advocates, and shudder at the ruin of anarchy. It is the Immoderates, the causes and the *odia* of the causes they would advance, who, while right reason gives warning of the necessity, set aside the justice of relieving distress and absterging abuse, would deafen the ear of the rulers to the voice that will not pass by unheard or unheeded. It is the Immoderates of the other party who would drown the cry of distress, and the just demand for the removal of abuses, in the uproar of riot and the bloodshed of rebellion. Thus, the one by withholding what ought to be granted, the other by clamouring for too much, with menace and violence, foils his own cause, and strengthens that to which he is opposed. To the one, despotism owes its birth, and monarchy its downfall; while the agency of the other prevents the

door being unbarred for the banishment of evils, lest anarchy rush in; and sooner than yield to threats, misery is suffered to linger on unrelieved. Surely they are little fitted to stem the rush of revolutionary principles, whose monarchical enthusiasm blinds them to its abuses; who, because these are ingrained and inveterate, cling to them with the more obstinate tenacity as sacred and inviolate. They who shrink from the excision of the morbid parts, risk the corruption of the whole, and endanger and weaken the system they would cherish in vigour and security. It is unknown, or rather it is too well known, how the influence of a plain-writing or plain-speaking autocrat sways the discontented and ignorant multitude. By the retention of abuses, though they may be of but partial importance, a government renders its supporters less powerful, and places such levers in the hands of its opponents, as, in critical times, they will not fail to employ for its total subversion. The lower orders, for the most part confined in their comprehension, and obtuse in their perception, cannot be expected to discern or detect the fallacious inductions of their pot-house politicians. They can, however, understand a plain fact; their oracle, aware of this, lays hold of some particular abuse in the government, and, together with the fact, his hearers swallow his inference,—the tyrannical corruption of the whole. He may make the statement, "that no man should receive the public money for doing nothing;" and who shall gainsay him? His inference will go further: he will state indiscriminately that there ought to be no sinecures. As rewards for past and positive services, they are neither open to attack, nor do they need any defence; where they are not, to offer any, requires a hireling. Seldom is it that the operative reads, or hears read, a few lectures upon the rights of man, without going home fully impressed with his own wrongs. It is by no means a difficult task, and therefore common enough for a free speaker, urged by the motive of interest or discontent, to acquire a powerful ascendancy over the rabble, provided his impudence be never known to forsake him, or his effrontery to be abashed; since he cannot be charged with hypocrisy, he will gain the reputation of candour. By attributing the causes of their distress to the objects of their prejudice, he cannot fail of popularity with his hearers. Having once gained this hold, our patriotic mis-leaders of the mob stand forth in matchless notoriety as the advocates of anarchy, and the advertisers of their own blacking. Ignorance is ever the dupe of misrepresentation; yet we trust the further dissemination of knowledge among the lower orders, will, ere long, sweep these strong delusions from their minds, that they may no longer believe in lies. At present, the diffusion of knowledge among the operative classes is scarcely more than nominal; nor can we undertake to deny, that a little learning is dangerous, while it increases the means of imbibing fallacies, yet has not advanced sufficiently to create the power of detecting their subtlety, and distinguishing truth. It is thus

that good, from its weakness, is made to advance, not thwart, the designs of the factious.

We have been led to make these remarks from the perusal of Mr. Bell's book. It is written without having for its object the advocacy of any particular principles, but holds up the magic glass alike to the despot and the demagogue. The style is powerful and concise; and the clearness with which the workings of the political parties is developed, has probably never been surpassed. We quote the annexed passage, containing the closing career of Mirabeau:—

"These preparations of the assembly only stimulated the king's desire to escape; and Mirabeau's genius was taxed to devise the means. Fresh riots, too, alarmed the court. The prison of Vincennes was attacked by the populace (Feb. 28), as the Bastille had been. La Fayette succeeded, however, in quelling the tumult. The servants and retainers of the king, meanwhile, fearing an attack upon the Tuilleries, armed themselves to defend the royal person. It was suspected, however, that they designed to carry off the king; and a party of the national guard was employed to disarm them. The belief that the king meditated flight quickened the deliberations of the assembly; and on the very day of the riots, the emigration law was brought forward for discussion. The subject was felt to be surrounded with difficulties. 'Has the assembly a right to fix any man to his native soil?' was asked in many quarters; and the answer was, 'Yes, if the safety of the country require it.' Still, however, it was admitted to be necessary to distinguish between the motives of travellers—between Frenchmen and strangers—between emigrants from political causes and commercial travellers; and how to do so, without establishing inquisitorial powers of the most hateful kind, was a problem which no one could profess to solve. Chapelier, however, the president of the committee which had been appointed to prepare a law suited to the emergency, intimated to the assembly that he was prepared to submit one to their notice, declaring, at the same time, that the law to which he alluded violated all their principles. 'Shall I read it?' 'Yes,' 'No,' were shouted from the different sides, till Mirabeau demanded to be heard. 'He defended the right of emigration, as one of the inalienable privileges of man. 'What though that right was abused at the moment; its abuse could never injure the assembly. Contempt was the only feeling which it became the assembly to indulge in towards those who might choose to leave their native country in its hour of danger.' These observations had some weight; but Chapelier was finally called on to read the law which the committee had devised. It was simple in the extreme. It merely proposed the creation of a committee of three dictators, to whom should be intrusted the power of pointing out by name, and at their pleasure, those who might be permitted to leave the kingdom. The assembly felt the irony of such an enactment,

and clamoured loudly against its adoption. 'Your murmurs console me,' exclaimed Mirabeau; 'your hearts sympathise with mine, and reject this absurd tyranny. As for myself, I should consider myself freed from every oath towards those who should be infamous enough to admit of a dictatorial commission.' Here he was interrupted by the republicans. 'Yes,' repeated he, 'I swear—' The interruption was renewed. 'This popularity,' he at last succeeded in saying, 'which has been the object of my ambition, and which I have enjoyed as others, is not a frail reed: I will plant it deep in the earth, and make it bud in the soil of justice and reason. I swear to you that, if the law of emigration is passed—I swear to you that I will disobey it!' Applauses followed this burst; but the discussion was continued. Some demanded an adjournment; Mirabeau again requested to be heard. 'By what title does Monsieur Mirabeau play the dictator?' asked one of the deputies; but the question was disregarded, and Mirabeau was listened to. 'I entreat those who interrupt me to remember, that I have all my life opposed tyranny, and that I shall oppose it wherever it appears.'—[He looked to the left side, from which fresh murmurs arose.]—'Silence, you thirty voices!' said he, still addressing himself to the Jacobins. 'If it be desired, I also will vote for the adjournment, providing it be decreed, that from this time to its conclusion no session shall take place.' Shouts of applause followed this declaration; the adjournment was unanimously agreed to; but it was Mirabeau's fate never to appear in the assembly again. 'His end was approaching, and these were his last triumphs. Presentiments of death had for some time mingled with his vast projects, and sometimes arrested their course. Yet he was satisfied with his career; he had gained and kept the public esteem; and if he had not done enough for the safety of the state, he had, at least, for his own glory. His last moments were divided between philosophy and gaiety. His pale countenance and deep-sunk eyes spoke plainly of the ravages of disease, and his appearance in the tribune, where he was frequently seized with sudden faintness, caused a general alarm. The excesses of pleasure and business, and the violent emotions he experienced in the assembly, broke down his strong constitution. The baths, also, he was accustomed to use contained a solution of sublimate, and had given a greenish hue to his complexion, which was attributed to poison. The court was terrified, and all parties astonished; and, long before his death, the cause of his dangerous illness was eagerly inquired into. The last time he spoke, he addressed the assembly in five different speeches, and he left it exhausted. He then took to his bed, and never left it but to go to the Pantheon. He begged Cabanis, his attendant, not to call in physicians; but in this he was disobeyed, and, on their arrival, they found death fast approaching. His head was the last part of his body attacked, as if nature permitted his genius to shine on to the last moment. An immense crowd, observing the most profound silence, thronged round his house. The court sent messenger after messenger to ascertain his condition; bulletins of his health were transmitted from mouth to mouth, and spread grief among the people, at every new turn of his disorder. He himself, surrounded by his friends, expressed regret at the interruption of his projects, but seemed proud of his past career. 'Support,' said he, 'the ablest head in France.' The anxiety of the people affected him; and the visit of Bar-

nave, his enemy, who came in the name of the Jacobins, caused him a pleasing emotion. He gave some thoughts to public affairs. The assembly was about to be engaged on the questions of testaments: he therefore called for Talleyrand, and gave him a discourse which he had written on the subject. 'It will be pleasant,' said he, 'to hear a man speak against testaments, who ought to be making his own, and who is no more.' The court, indeed, wished him to make one, and promised to take upon itself the payment of his legacies. In allusion to the supposed projects of England, he observed, 'Pitt will gain more than any other man by my death. That Pitt is the minister of preparatives; he governs by menaces: I would have given him some trouble if I had lived.'—'My friend,' said he to Cabanis, 'I shall die to-day: envelope me in perfumes, crown me with flowers, and surround me with music, so that I may deliver myself peaceably up to sleep.' When his sufferings became intense, he demanded opium. It was refused; he insisted on it with his usual violence. A cup, which his attendants persuaded him contained opium, was handed to him: he drank it, and died immediately (April 20, 1791). The proceedings of the assembly were immediately suspended, a general mourning ordered, and a magnificent funeral prepared. 'We will all attend,' exclaimed the whole assembly. In the church of Saint Geneviève a monument was erected to his memory, with the inscription, 'A grateful country to great men.' It was situated next to that of Descartes. His funeral took place the day after his death. All the authorities, the departments, the municipalities, the popular societies, the assembly, and the army, accompanied the procession; and this orator obtained more honours than ever had been conferred on the pompous funerals which proceeded to Saint Denis. Thus terminated the career of this extraordinary man, who has been greatly praised and greatly blamed, who effected much good and much evil, and whose genius was equally adapted to both. Having vanquished the aristocracy, he turned upon those who contributed to his victory, arrested their course by his eloquence, and commanded their admiration, even while he provoked their hostility."

Were we disposed to indulge in retrospective reverie, a fruitful subject would offer itself, from the speculation of what might have been the progress and event of the French Revolution had the life of Mirabeau been prolonged. He was the only man capable of stifling the fury of the Jacobins; and had such a faction never risen into ascendancy, France might have exulted in triumphant liberty, without shuddering at the excesses by which it was deformed.

We shall probably revert to Mr. Bell's work in a subsequent number.

The Comic Annual. By Thomas Hood, Esq. 12mo. pp. 176. London, 1831. C. Tilt. We have the true Amphitryon of wit and pun at last—the genuine Momus for our Christmas laugh; and so appropriately near the time, that his volume really resembles an Annual. Most of the others, from their irregular period of appearance, were so out of season, that reading them was like eating mince-pies and plum-pudding at Midsummer. But the propriety of the delay seems to have encouraged strange poaching upon the manor of Hood-cum-over-grin, in the county of Wit(l)ts; and our author, in his preface, shews how competent he is to be his own game-keeper on his own estate. He has peppered the intruders very prettily;

and as their cases have been legally brought before our high tribunal for judgment, we beg leave to recapitulate the evidence, and pronounce sentence.

Hood v. Hurst and Co.—"I do not intend (said the plaintiff—if such a name could fit so merry a wight, and one who, though his own counsel, had by no means a fool for his client)—I do not intend (said he), like some votaries of freedom, to cast mud on the muddy, or dirt on the dirty; but, while I am on the hustings, I will ask the committee of that uncandid candidate, 'the New Comic,' whether it was quite honest to canvass against me under my own colours, and to pass off the enemy's poll-book as mine? The Code of Honour should be a kind of Coadde's cement between man and man—but, to speak technically, some seem bound by it, and some unbound. Mr. Hurst gave me his word, and shook hands thereon, that the delusive title should be altered—and yet that bad title to a good name, the 'New Comic,' is still retained. Surely he feels both the brand and the blush in what Byron calls 'that red right hand.' Were there no other and fitter labels extant than such close parodies of mine? For example, 'the Laughing Hyena,' or 'the Merry Unwise,' or 'the Main Chance?' The Old Brown Bear in Piccadilly is bearish, perhaps—but he is original. The coupling, in advertisement, 'the New Comic' with a volume really mine, is a trick that smacks of the neighbourhood. There is as little difference as distance between the plying of 65, St. Paul's Churchyard, and the plying of the Fulhams and Brentfords close at hand."

In this case our decision is for the plaintiff, on all the counts; and we trust he will find his account in it; for, in the long run,* honesty is the best policy. We have always denounced the paltry trick of imitating the titles or external appearance of popular works, which only affords appearance of the want alike of principle and talent. Marching under false colours, or uttering base and counterfeit coin, may impose on the unwary for a while, but they never succeed in the end. The mode of advertising the new and rival work we consider to be still more indefensible: its obvious object was to mislead purchasers; and we know that it did lead several into error, of which they repented when undeceived, too late to recover their money. Such things disgrace the literary world; and, however comic they may seem to their doers, will never be treated as jokes by the public.

Hood v. Sheridan.—In this case you have heard the same counsel—"Fain would I drop here the steel pen for a softer quill, to speak of an editress who—distinguishing fair from unfair—has acted the perfect brunette towards me, and has brought a heavy charge against me 'for work done.' In the announcement of 'the Comic Offering'—a little book chiefly remarkable for a coat of damson cheese, seeming equally fit, like Sheridan's poor Peruvians, for 'covering and devouring,'—it is insinuated that I am an author unfit for female perusal—I, who have never that respect infringed, which, with me, dwells 'like fringe upon a petticoat.' Miss Sheridan and modesty compel me to declare, that many ladies have deigned to request, for their albums, some little proof of 'the versatility' or prosatity of my pen:—yet, what says the announcement, or rather denounce—

* The only exception we ever saw to this golden rule is in Hood's whimsical frontispiece of "A Day at the Devil's Dyke," in which old cloven-foot, in the shape of a maw-kin, is leading the hunt such a run, that it is easy to perceive honest perseverance must only make matters worse.

ment.—'But shall we permit a clown or pantaloons to enter the drawing-room or boudoir—no, not even under a Hood.' Putting pantomimic people on a par, was clown Grimaldi so very unfit for the drawing-room of Mrs. Serle, or pantaloons Barnes for the boudoir of Miss Barnett? Is it vulgar to go to Margate by the Harlequin, but genteel by the Columbine—to read 'the Comic' instead of the 'Offering to be Comic'? To put the screw of comparison into my cork model, have I made any drawing less worthy of the drawing-room, than 'Going in High Style'?—any verse more perverse to gentility than

'Old Bet crying 'Mac-ca-rel! happened to meet,' &c.

Gad a mercy! did Miss Sheridan never read or see a comedy called the School for Scandal? If she has heard of my indelicacy or vulgarity, it must have been from Sir Benjamin Backbite. Mrs. Candour compels me to confess that I am not guilty of either. Joseph Surface would give me credit for morality; and even those Crabtrees, the reviewers, have awarded me the praise of propriety, confessing that though I am merry, my spirits are rectified. Like Sir Peter Teazle, I would willingly resign my character to their discussion; but little Moses has a post-obit on my reputation, and forbids my silence. I confess, besides, that on being so attacked by a perfect stranger, I did at first think it rather hard of her; but having now seen her book, I think it rather soft of her, and shall say no more."

And no more need be said. We find Miss Sheridan guilty of a trespass, with intent to commit defamation; but, in consequence of the punishment she has already received, dis-Miss the cause, in the hope that it will operate as a warning to her to conduct herself better in future. Of all the modes of attracting notice, that of endeavouring to depreciate others, in order to puff yourself, is the most disreputable. A chandler would be ashamed of it; and in literature it is below contempt.

Of Mr. Harrison's respectable production (the *Humourist*), Mr. Hood takes no notice; for it was brought forward and published by that gentleman and Ackermann in an honourable way; and was a fair competitor in the common field. But we are glad to pass from these points to the work before us itself. The dedication this year is almost as good as the last: it is—

"To his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the great comptroller of all public performers, kindly countenancing plays upon words, as well as plays upon boards—the noble patron of the Italian, as well as of the present English opera—this volume of the *Comic Annual*, with the Lord Chamberlain's special license, is respectfully and gratefully dedicated," &c. &c.

The vignette—a young clown, with a lantern, riding on the merry-thought of a fowl—is very playful; and the cuts altogether most original and amusing. The first paper, giving accounts of a parish revolution—a parody on the late French revolution, and, in general, on the mode of communicating news according to the most universal and approved newspaper plan—is replete with humour. Stoke Pogis is the scene, and the fifth of November the day: it begins thus:—

"Alarming news from the country—awful insurrection at Stoke Pogis—the military called out—flight of the Mayor.

We are concerned to state, that accounts were received in town, at a late hour last night, of an alarming state of things at Stoke Pogis. Nothing private is yet made public; but report speaks of very serious occurrences. The num-

ber of killed is not known, as no despatches have been received."

"Further particulars.

"Nothing is known yet; papers have been received down to the 4th of November, but they are not up to any thing."

Then we have "Another account"—"From another quarter"—"A later account"—"Fresh intelligence," &c. &c. &c.; from which we take a few of the various particulars.

"From another quarter.

"We are all here in the greatest alarm! a general rising of the inhabitants took place this morning, and they have continued in a disturbed state ever since. Every body is in a bustle, and indicating some popular movement. Seditious cries are heard! the bellman is going his rounds, and on repeating 'God save the king!' is saluted with 'hang the crier!' Organised bands of boys are going about collecting sticks, &c.—whether for barricades or bonfires, is not known; many of them singing the famous Gunpowder hymn, 'Pray remember,' &c. These are features that remind us of the most inflammable times. Several strangers of suspicious gentility arrived here last night, and privately engaged a barn; they are now busily distributing hand-bills amongst the crowd:—surely some horrible tragedy is in preparation!"

"Eleven o'clock.

"The mob have proceeded to outrage—the poor poor-house has not a whole pane of glass in its whole frame! The magistrates, with Mr. Higginbottom at their head, have agreed to call out the military; and he has sent word that he will come as soon as he has put on his uniform. A terrific column of little boys has just run down the High Street—it is said, to see a fight at the Green Dragon. There is an immense crowd in the market-place. Some of the leading shop-keepers have had a conference with the mayor, and the people are now being informed, by a placard, of the result. Gracious heaven! how opposite is it to the hopes of all moderate men—"The mare is obstinate—he is at the Rees and Crown—but refuses to treat."

"Half-past Three.

"The check sustained by the mob proves to have been a reverse; the constables are the sufferers. The cage is chopped to faggots, we hav'n't a pound, and the stocks are rapidly falling. Mr. Wigsby has gone again to the mayor with overtures; the people demand the release of Dobbs and Gubbins, and the demolition of the stocks, the pound, and the cage. As these are already destroyed, and Gubbins and Dobbs are at large, it is confidently hoped by all moderate men that his worship will accede to the terms.

"Four o'clock.

"The mayor has rejected the terms. It is confidently affirmed that, after this decision, he secretly ordered a post-chaise, and has set off with a pair of post-horses as fast as they can't gallop. A meeting of the principal tradesmen has taken place, and the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the cheesemonger, and the publican, have agreed to compose a provisional government. In the mean time the mob are loud in their joy,—they are letting off squibs, and crackers, and rockets, and devils, in all directions, and quiet is completely restored."

Then comes, to crown the whole, "The Narrative."

"The Narrative of a High Whittess who seed every Think proceed out of a Back-swindler up Fore Pears to Mrs. Humphrie.

"O Mrs. Humphrie! Little did I dream, at my Tim of Life, to see Wat is before me. The hole Parrish is Throne into a pannikin! The

Revelations has reeched Stock Poggis—and the people is riz agin the Kings rain, and all the Pours that be. All this Blessed Mourning Mrs. Griggs and Me as bean sitting abscondingly at the ttipot of the Hows crying for lowness. We have lockd our too selves in the back Attical Rome, and nothing can come up to our Hanksiety. Some say it is like the French Plot—sum say sum thing moor arter the Dutch Patten in on the car-pit, and if so we shall Be flored like Brussels. Well, I never did like them Brown holland brum gals! Our Winder overlocks all the High Street, xcept jest ware Mister Higgins juts out Behind. What a prospectus!—All riotism and hubbub—Their is a lowd speechifying round the Gabble end of the Hows. The Mare is arranging the Populous from one of his own low winders.—Poor Man!—for all his fine goold Cheer, who wood Sit in his shews! I hobserve Mr. Tuders bauld Hed uncommon hactiv in the Mobb, and so is Mister Waggstaff the Constable, considering his rummatiz has onely left one Harm disaffected to shew his loyalness with. He and his men are staving the mobbs Heds to make them Suppurate. They are trying to Custardise the Ringleders But as yet hav Captivated Noboddy. There is no end to accidence. Three unsensible boddis are Carrion over the way on Three Cheers, but weather Naybers or Gyes, is dubbious. Master Gollop too, is jest gon By on one of his Ants Shutters, with a Bunch of exploded Squibs gone off in his Trowsirs. It makes Mrs. G. and Me tremble like Axle trees, for our Hone nevies. Wile we ware at the open Winder they slipped out. With sich Brolls in the Street who nose what Scraps they may git into. Mister J. is gon off with his musketry to militate agin the mobb; and I fear without anny Sand Witches in his Cartrich Box. Mrs. Griggs is in the Sam state of Singularity as meself. Onely think, Mrs. H. of too Loan Wiming looken Down on such a Heiferveerence, and as Hignorant as the unbiggotted Babe of the state of our Husbandry! To had to our Convexity, the Botcher has not Bean. No moor as the Backer and We shold here Nothing if Mister Higgins hadn't hollowed up Fore Storys. What news he brakes! That wicked Wigsby as refused to Reed the Riot Ax, and the Town Clark is no Scollar! Is'n't that a bad Herring! O Mrs. Humphrie! It is unpossible to throoe ones hies from one End of Stock Poggis to the other, without grate Pane. Nothing is seed but Wivs asking for Huzbinds—nothing is herd but childerin looking for Farthers. Mr. Hatband the Undertacker as jist bean squibed and obligated for safeness to inter his own Hows. Mister Higgins blames the unflexible Stubbleness of the Mare, and says a littel timely Concussion wood have bean of Preventive Servis. Haven nose! For my Part I dont believe all the Concussion on Heathr wood hav prevented the Regolater bein scarified by a Squib and runnin agin the Rockit—or that it could unshatter Pore Master Gollop, or squentch Wider Welshis rix of Haze witch is now Flammng and smocking in two volumes. The ingins as been, but cold not Play for want of Pips, witch is too often the Case with Parrish ingenuity. Wile affares are in these fiteful Posturs, thank Haven I have one grate comfit. Mr. J. is cum back on his legs from Twelve to won tired in the extrems with Being a Standing Army, and his Uniformity spattereddashd all over. He says his hone saving was onely thro leaving His retrenchments. Pore Mr. Griggs has cum In after his Wif in a state of grate exaggeration. He says the Boys hav maid a Bone Fire of his garden fence and

Pales upon Pales cant put it out. Several Shells of a bombastic nater as been picked up in his Back Yard and the old Cro's nest as bean Perpetrated rite thro by a Rockit. We hav sent out the Def Shopmun to here wat he can and he says there is so Manny Crackers going he dont no witch report to Belive, but the Fishmongers has Cotchd and with all his Stock compleatly Guttid. The Brazers next Dore is lickwise in Hashes,—but it is hopped he has assurance enuf to cover him All over.—They say nothik can save the Dwellins adjoining. O Mrs. H. how greatful ought J and I to bee that our hone Premiss and property is next to nothing! The effex of the lit on Bildings is marvelous. The Turrut of St. Magnum Bonum is quit clear and you can tell wat Time it is by the Clock verry plainly only it stands! The noise is enuf to Drive won deleterious! Too Specious Conestables is persewing littel Tidmarsh down the Hi Street and Sho grate fermness, but I trembel for the Pelisse. Peple drops in with New News every Momentum. Sum say All is Lost.—and the town Crier is missin. Mrs. Griggs is quite retched at herein five littel Boys is throwd off a spirituus Cob among the Catherend Weals. But I hope it wants cobboboration. Another Yuth its sed has had his hies Blasted by sum blowd Gun Powder. You Mrs. H. are Patrimonial, and may suppose how these flying rummers Upsets a Mothers Sperrits. O Mrs. Humphris how I envy you that is not tossing on the raging bellows of these Flatulent Times, but living under a Mild Dispotic Government in such Sequestered spots as Lonnnon and Padington. May you never go thro such Transubstantiation as I have bean riting in! Things that stood for Sentries as bean removd in a Minuet—and the verry effigis of wat is venerablest is now burning in Bone Fires. The Worshipfull chaer is empty. The Mare as gon off clandestiny with a pare of Hossis, and without his diner. They say he complanes that his Corperation did no stik to him as it shold have dun But went over to the other Side. Pore Sole—in sich a case I dont wunder he lost his Stommich. Yisterdy he was at the summit of Pour. Them that hours ago ware enjoying parrish officiousness as been turned out of there Dignittis! Mr. Barber says in futer all the Perukial Authoritis will be Wigs. Pray let me no wat his Magisty and the Prim Minister think of Stock Poggis's constitution, and believe me conclusively my deer Mrs. Humphris most frendly and trully BRIDGET JONES."

For variety's sake, we now turn to a clever poetical *jeu d'esprit*.

"I'm not a Single Man."

"Double, single, and the rub."—*Hoyle*.

"This, this is solitude."—*Byron*.

"Well, I confess, I did not guess
A simple marriage-vow
Would make me find all women-kind
Such unkind women now!
They need not, sure, as distant be
As Java or Japan,—
Yet ev'ry Thing reminds me this—
I'm not a single man!"

Once they made choice of my base voice
To share in each duet;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set:
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance on Bruin's plan;
Me draw I—me paint I—me any thing!—
I'm not a single man!"

Once I was asked advice and task'd
What works to buy or not,
And 'would I read that passage out
I so admired in Scott?
They then could bear to hear one read;
But if I now began,
How they would snub, 'my pretty page,
I'm not a single man!"

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemmed a frill;
I had more purses need'd than then
Than I could hope to fill:
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can,—
My buttons then were bachelor's—
I'm not a single man!"

Oh how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa:
But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mamma.
Mamma, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays 'her girls' upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!"

Ah me, how strange it is the change,
In parlour and in hall,
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call:
If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran;
They now sit still in diabolio—
I'm not a single man!"

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks;
She daily sought my cabinet,
To study my antiques.
Well, now she doesn't care a dump
For ancient pot or pan;
Her taste at once is modernised—
I'm not a single man!"

My spouse is fond of homely life,
And all that sort of thing;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring:
And yet each Miss to whom I come
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine,—
I'm not a single man!"

Go where I will, I but intrude,
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
Or Hervey at his Tombs.
From head to heel, they make me feel,
Of quite another clan;
Compelled to own, though left alone,
I'm not a single man!"

Miss Towne the toast, though she can boast
A nose of Roman line,
Will turn up even that in scorn
Of compliments of mine:
She should have seen that I have been
Her sex's partisan,
And really married all I could—
I'm not a single man!"

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand,—
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand?
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,
With me don't care to mount a stair—
I'm not a single man!"

Some change, of course, should be in force,
But, surely, not so much—
There may be hands I may not squeeze,
But must I never touch?
Must I forbear to hand a chair,
And not pick up a fan?
But I have been myself picked up—
I'm not a single man!"

Others may hint a lady's tint
Is purest red and white—
May say her eyes are like the skies,
So very blue and bright,—
I must not say that she has eyes,
Or if I so began,
I have my fears about my ears,—
I'm not a single man!"

I must confess I did not guess
A simple marriage-vow
Would make me find all women-kind
Such unkind women now—
I might be hush'd to death, or smash'd
By Mr. Pickford's van,
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man!"

The poem which follows this is a "May-day Vision," by Miss Isabel Hill, an extremely fanciful and very pretty composition. We regret we have not room for it now, and that we can only say, it is worthy of the best of the company with which it is associated. The "Portrait of a Blind Man" is Hood all over, so that it is no wonder he cannot see.

An "ode to Mr. Vigors, on the publication of the *Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society*," is another of the so-peculiarly-peculiar Hoodisms, and the subject itself is so generally popular, that we are tempted to extract it.

"Give you good den."—*Shakespeare*.

"So Mr. V.,—no, Vigors—I beg pardon,
You've published your Zoological Garden!
A book of which I've heard a deal of talk,
And your Menagerie—indeed, 'tis bad o' me,
But I have never seen your Beast Academy!"

Or set my feet
In Brute-on Street,
Or ever wander'd in your 'Bird-cage Walk.'
Yet I believe that you were truly born
To be a kind of brutal overseer,
And, like the royal quarterings, appear
Between a lion and a unicorn;
There is a sort of reason about rhyme,
That I have ponder'd many, many a time;
Where words, like birds of feather,
Likely to come together,

Are quite prophetically made to chime;—
So your own office is forestall'd, O Vigors!
Your proper surname having but one single
Appropriate jingle,
—Tigers!

What is your gardening volume?—like old Mawey!
Containing rules for cultivating brutes,
Like fruits,

Through April, May, or June;
As thus—now rake your lion's manes, and prune
Your tiger's claws;
About the middle of the month, if fair,
Give your chameleons air,
Choose shady walls for owls,
Water your fowls,

And plant your leopards in the sunniest spots;
Earth up your beavers; train your bears to climb;
Thin out your elephants about this time,
And set some early kangaroos in pots;
In some warm shelter'd place
Prepare a hot-bed for the boar race,
Leaving them room to swell;
Prick out your porcupines, and blanch your ermine;
Stick up opossums; trim your monkeys well;
And 'destroy all vermin'!

O tell me, Mr. Vigors! for the seas
Of curiosity begin to tease—
If they bite rudely, I must crave your pardon—
But if a man may ask,
What is the task

You have to do in this exotic garden?
If from your title one may guess your ends,
You are a sort of Secretary Bird,
To write home word
From ignorant brute beasts to absent friends.
Does ever the poor lion coal-mandi
Beg you to write to ma?

To ask papa
To send him a new suit to wear on Sunday?
Does Mrs. L. request you'll be so good—
Acting a sort of Urban to Sylvanus—
As write to her 'Two children in the Wood,'
Address'd, post-paid, to Leo Africanus?
Does ever the great sea-bear Londinensis
Make you amanuensis

To send out news to some old arctic stager—
'Pray write that Brother Bruin on the whole
Has got a head on this day's pole,
And say my Urus has been made a Major!"
Do you not write detected letters—very—
Describing England for poor 'Happy Jerry,'
Unlike those emigrants who take in flats,
Throwing out New South Wales for catching sprats?
Of course your penmanship you ne'er refuse,
For 'begging letters' from poor kangaroos;
Of course you manage bills and their acquaintance,
And sometimes pen for Pelican a double
Letter to Mrs. F. and brood in trouble,
Enclosing a small dab, as a remittance;
Or send from Mrs. B. to her old cadger,
Her full-length, done by Harvey, that rare
draughtsman,
And skilful craftsman;

A game one too, for he can draw a badger.
Does Doctor Bennett never come and trouble you
To break the Death of Wolf to Mrs. W.?
To say poor Buffalo his last has puff'd?
And died quite suddenly, without a will,
Soothing the widow with a tender quill,
And gently hinting, 'would she like him stuff'd?'
Does no old sentimental monkey weary
Your hand, at times, to vent his scribbling itch?
And then your pen must answer to the query
Of Dame Giraffe, who has been told her deary
Died on the spot, and wishes to know *which*?
New candidates, meanwhile, your help are waiting;
To fill up cards of thanks, with due refinement,
For Missis 'Possum, after her confinement;
To pen a note of pretty Poll's dictating,
Or write how Charles the Tenth's departed reign
Disquiets the crown'd crane
And all the royal tigers;
To send a bulletin to brother Asse,
Of Zebra's health, what sort of night he passes;—
Is this your duty, Secretary Vigors?

Or are your brutes but garden-brutes, indeed,
Of the old shrubby breed,
Dragons of holly, peacocks cut in yew?
But no—I've seen your book,
And all the creatures look
Like real creatures, natural and true:

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Ready to prowl, to growl, to prey, to fight,
Thanks be to Harvey, who their portraits drew;
And to the cutters praise is justly due;
To Branson always, and to always Wright.
Go on, then, publishing your monthly parts,
And let the wealthy crowd,
The noble and the proud,
Learn of brute beasts to patronise the arts.
So may your household flourish in the Park,
And no long boa go to his long home,
No antelope give up the vital spark;
But all, with this your scientific tome,
Go on as swimmingly as old Noah's ark!"

Our author should surely be made laureate
to the Society, and sing in a cage as a Hood-ed
crow.

But we are getting out of bounds, and must
prune our wings. "Domestic Asides" is a
neat piece of point; "the Step-father," and
his contrast at page 123, two excellent little
essays; and "My Son and Heir," could be
written by nobody but our author. "The
Supper Superstition" follows:—

"Twas twelve o'clock by Chelsea chimers,
When all in hungry trim,
Good Mister Jupp sat down to sup,
With wife, and Kate, and Jim.
Said he, 'upon this dainty cod
How bravely I shall sup—
When, whiter than the table-cloth,
A ghost came rising up!
'O, father dear, O, mother dear,
Dear Kate, and brother Jim—
You know when some one went to sea—
Don't cry—but I am him!
You hope some day with fond embrace
To greet your absent Jack;
But, oh, I am come here to say
I'm never coming back!
From Alexandria we set sail,
With corn, and oil, and figs;
But steering too much Sow', we struck
Upon the Sow and Figs!
The ship we pump'd till we could see
Old England from the tops;
When down she went with all our hands,
Right in the Channel's chops!
Just give a look in Norey's chart,
The very place it tells;
I think it says twelve fathom deep,
Clay bottom, mix'd with shells.
Well, there we are till 'hands aloft,'
We have at last a call;
The pug I had for brother Jim,
Kate's parrot too, and all.
But, oh! my spirit cannot rest
In Davy Jones's sod,
'Till I've appeared to you and said—
Don't sup on that 'ere cod!
You live on land, and little think
What passes in the sea;
Last Sunday week, at 2 p. m.,
That cod was picking me!
Those oysters, too, that look so plump,
And seem so nicely done,
They put my corpse in many shells,
Instead of only one.
O, do not eat those oysters then,
And do not touch the shrimps;
When I was in my briny grave,
They suck'd my blood like lumps!
Don't eat what brutes would never eat,
The brutes I used to pat;
They'll know the smell they used to smell—
Just try the dog and cat!
The spirit fled—they wept his fate,
And cried, alack, alack!
At last, up started brother Jim—
'Let's try if Jack was Jack!
They called the dog, they called the cat,
And little kitten too;
And down they put the cod and sauce,
To see what brutes would do.
Old Tray lick'd all the oysters up,
Puss never stood at crimps,
But munch'd the cod,—and little Kit
Quite feasted on the shrimps!
The thing was odd, and minus cod
And sauce, they stood like posts;
O, prudent folks, for fear of hoax,
Put no belief in ghosts!"

"The Scrape Book of an Unlucky Man" is
very ludicrous; but the volume is, from be-
ginning to end, so full of amusement, that
there would be no end to our Review, were
we to attempt to be particular. Particular
therefore we are not: we only tell all our

readers who love mirth, to buy Hood's *Comic
Annual*.

We have given three of the cuts as speci-

mens: the "Step-father" is admirable, and
illustrates a capital story: the others will speak
for themselves to our holyday readers.



A STEP-FATHER.



GETTING A HOLE HOLYDAY.



"WELL! I NEVER COULD KEEP MY LEGS!"

Memoirs of the Affairs of Greece; containing an Account of the Military and Political Events which occurred in 1823 and following Years: with various Anecdotes of Lord Byron, and an Account of his last Illness and Death. By Julius Millingen, Surgeon to the Byron Brigade at Mesolonghi, &c. 8vo. pp. 338. London, 1831. Rodwell.

THIS is a very amusing volume: anecdotes, personal sketches, and curious customs, form an entertaining *mélange*. The events of a campaign in Greece, and of a month or so with Lord Byron, are sufficiently out of the ordinary run to be continued sources of novelty and entertainment. In his account of the noble poet, Mr. Millingen is exceedingly minute. He informs us that he always wore gloves, drank green tea and gin profusely: and of his self-denial, where his appetite was inclined to risk his figure, gives the following example:

"On dinner being served up, although several dishes of meat were upon the table, Lord Byron did not partake of any; his custom being to eat meat only once a month. Soup, a few vegetables, a considerable portion of English cheese, with some fried crusts of bread and fruit, constituted his daily fare. He ate with great rapidity, and drank freely. There happened to be on the table a roasted capon, the good looks of which so powerfully tempted him, that after wistfully eyeing it, he was on the point of taking a leg; but suddenly recollecting the rule he had imposed on himself, he left it in the dish, desiring his servant to let the capon be kept till the next day, when his month would be out."

The anecdotes we subjoin are the newest we can find; the last days of Byron's life having been so repeatedly before the public.

"During the earlier part of his youth, his then very limited revenues were soon exhausted by his extravagant expenses in London, and especially by his frequenting the gaming-houses. He had borrowed so much from the usurers, that none were to be found humane enough to advance him any further sum, at whatever interest he offered. One morning, after a sleepless night, spent at one of those establishments, in which he had lost all his money, he heard a coach stop before his lodgings, and soon after saw a young lady of rank, who had given him proofs of the most ardent attachment, enter his room. She held a small casket in her hand, and on depositing it on the table, told him, that hearing of the pecuniary misfortunes he had met with, and fearing he might find himself in embarrassed circumstances, she had brought him all her jewels and money, and requested he would accept them as proofs of her affection. 'Go and take back with you,' said Lord B. sternly, 'your trinkets and money. I am not a man to be imposed upon by cant; and you know full well that you would never have brought such things to me, had you supposed me vile enough to accept them.' Mention being once made before him of the frequent errors of judgment into which a person may be led by the appearances of physiognomy, he observed: 'You are young men, and may therefore have occasion to derive benefit from this precept of mine: never give your entire faith to any one whose eyes are gray.' On its being remarked to him, that his own were of that very colour, he added, 'Do not think I consider myself an exception to this, I might say, universal rule: it would have been well for many, who have had to deal with me, had they been guided by it.'"

Narrow Escape from Shipwreck.—"Surrounded by rocks on every side, the sailors thinking their fate inevitable, had lost their courage. Lord Byron's tranquillity of mind was undisturbed. Aware that, should the miserable anchor they had give way, the ship would be dashed to atoms, he had recommended to Lucca, a young Greek of Patras, confided to his benevolence by the youth's mother, to keep himself ready in case of a similar accident, to mount on his back, for he would save him by swimming."

"When I passed to the Chané, where the apartments appropriated to the establishment of the dispensary were, the wife of Hussein Aga, one of the Turkish inhabitants of Mesolonghi, came to me, and imploring my pity, begged me to allow her to remain under my roof, in order to shelter her from the brutality and cruelty of the Greeks. They had murdered all her relations, and two of her boys; and the marks remained on the angle of the wall, against which, a few weeks previously, they had dashed the brains of the youngest, only five years of age. A little girl, nine years old, remained to be the only companion of her misery. Like a timid lamb, she stood by her mother, naked and shivering, drawing closer and closer to her side. Her little hands were folded like a suppliant's; and her large beautiful eyes, so accustomed to see acts of horror and cruelty, looked at me now and then, hardly daring to implore pity. 'Take us,' said she, 'we will serve you, and be your slaves; or you will be responsible before God for whatever may happen to us.' I could not see so eloquent a picture of distress unmoved; and from that day I treated them as relatives. Some weeks after, I happened to mention before Lord Byron some circumstances relative to these individuals, and spoke with so much admiration of the noble fortitude displayed by Husseinina in the midst of her calamities; of the courage maternal love inspired her with on several occasions; of the dignified manner in which she replied to the insults of her persecutors, that he expressed the wish of seeing her and her child. On doing so, he became so struck by Hatajé's beauty, the *naïveté* of her answers, and the spiritedness of her observations on the murderers of her brethren, that he decided on adopting her. 'Banish fear for ever from your mind,' said he to the mother, 'your child shall henceforth be mine. I have a daughter in England: to her I will send you. They are both of the same age; and as she is alone, she will, no doubt, like a companion, who may, at times, talk to her of her father. Do not shudder at the idea of changing your religion; for I insist on your professing no other but the Mussulman.' She seized his hand, kissed it with energy, and raising to heaven her eyes, filled with tears of gratitude, she repeated expressively, 'Allah is great!' He immediately ordered more costly dresses to be made for them than those I had given them; and sent to Hatajé a necklace of sequins. Twice a week I was desired to send them to his house. He would then take the little girl on his knees, and caress her with all the fondness of a father. Nothing could surpass the jealousy of the Mesolonghiot women, when they beheld the manner in which these former objects of their insults were now treated. One day the little girl, with eyes drowned in tears, entered his room; and returning to him her necklace, asked for the clothes she formerly wore. 'They are not like these,' said she; 'but when I wore them, the Mesolonghiots did not tell me they would kill both

me and my mother.' Lord Byron burst into a violent rage, and in order to spite the Mesolonghiot population, ordered the most expensive clothes to be made for Hatajé; and had the intention of covering her, according to the oriental fashion, with golden pieces of money, to parade her on horseback through the principal streets of the town."

We must say that his kindness was more judicious than its display. Speaking of his own death: "'Do you suppose,' inquired his lordship with impatience, 'that I wish for life? I have grown heartily sick of it, and shall welcome the hour I depart from it. Why should I regret it? Can it afford me any pleasure? Have I not enjoyed it to a surfeit? Few men can live faster than I did. I am, literally speaking, a young old man. Hardly arrived at manhood, I had attained the zenith of fame. Pleasure I have known under every form it can present itself to mortals. I have travelled—satisfied my curiosity—lost every illusion: I have exhausted all the nectar contained in the cup of life: it is time to throw the dregs away. But the apprehension of two things now haunts my mind. I picture myself slowly expiring on a bed of torture, or terminating my days like Swift—a grinning idiot! Would to heaven the day were arrived, in which, rushing, sword in hand, on a body of Turks, and fighting like one weary of existence, I shall meet immediate, painless death,—the object of my wishes!'"

We scarcely know whether most to pity or blame such a state of mind. During his illness blisters were proposed.

"When on the point of applying them, Lord Byron asked me, whether it would answer the same purpose to apply both on the same leg. Guessing the motive that led him to ask this question, I told him I would place them above the knees, on the inside of the thighs. 'Do so,' said he; 'for as long as I live, I will not allow any one to see my lame foot.'"

It is but fair to Mr. Millingen to state, that he vindicates himself from the charge brought against him, of being one of the causes of the delay, to which such fatal effects have been ascribed, in bleeding Lord Byron. He concludes, by saying; "The more I consider this difficult question, however, the more I feel convinced, that whatsoever method of cure had been adopted, there is every reason to believe that a fatal termination was inevitable. And here I may be permitted to observe, that it must have been the lot of every medical man to observe, how frequently the fear of death produces it; and how seldom a patient, who persuades himself that he must die, is mistaken. The prediction of the Scotch fortune-teller was ever present to Lord Byron; and, like an insidious poison, destroyed that moral energy which is so useful to keep up the patient in dangerous complaints. 'Did I not tell you,' said he repeatedly to me, 'that I should die at thirty-seven?'"

Never yet was there a sceptic without superstition: witness the next anecdote.

"I was not a little surprised to hear him ask me on the 15th, whether I could not do him the favour of inquiring in the town for any very old and ugly witch? As I turned his question in derision, he repeated to me with a serious air, 'Never mind whether I am superstitious or not; but I again entreat of you to bring me the most celebrated one there is, in order that she may examine whether this sudden loss of my health does not depend on the evil eye. She may devise some means to dissolve the spell.' Knowing the necessity of indulging a patient

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in his harmless caprices, I soon procured one, who answered exactly to his description. But the following day, seeing that he did not mention the subject, I avoided recalling it to his memory. It is in the Levant an almost universal practice, as soon as a person falls ill, to have recourse, in the first instance, to one of these professed exorcisers. If their art does not succeed in restoring the patient to health, by destroying the power of fascination, then the medical man is called in. But without this previous preparation, none of his medicines are supposed to be capable of curing the complaint."

We will not enter into the anatomical details of appearances after death, except in one instance.

"The appearance presented by the heart was singular. Its parietes were as collapsed, and of a consistence as flabby, as of those persons who have died of old age."

We certainly are all most ingenious in self-deception: Mr. Millingen winds up by stating, "I am incapable of enumerating the faults of one from whom I received so many marks of kindness, merely to gratify the curiosity of the idle, or the malice of his enemies."

Now our author repeatedly alludes to his noble friend's vanity, pride, affectation, inebriety, betrayal of confidence, his sarcastic spirit, his want of religion: if he does not consider these as faults, pray what does he think them?

We shall proceed to make a cento from the various anecdotes scattered through these pages; but it must be next Saturday.

The Military Bijou; or, the Contents of a Soldier's Knapsack: being the 'Gleanings of Thirty-three Years' Active Service. By John Shipp. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Whittaker and Co.

Our readers, we do not doubt, will remember the Autobiography of John Shipp. We trust that, in recalling to their recollection the narrative of his life, we shall not fail to create a prejudice in favour of the *Contents of a Soldier's Knapsack*. A series of desultory sketches, written in some parts with humour, in others with good feeling, will, we fear not, with all but the hypercritical, meet with a kind word and a welcome. The frankness and candour of our author's preface baffles the designs of censure, and conveys the broadest hint that John Shipp does not write wholly and solely for literary fame, of any man we remember to have met with:—

"But this is a critical period for becoming an author; any attempt in the form of a book having so much to apprehend, so much to dread, in the present 'march of intellect,' where there are so many spies and critical sentinels standing upon the watch-tower of literature, to resist the approach of every new adventurer, as if he were an enemy. But I am like him who sits with a craving stomach by the side of a brook, watching, with eager eye, the nibbling of every little fish, on the hooking of which depends his dinner. If he did not cast in the bait, he could not expect to catch any fish; if I did not attempt to write, I, like him, should have no dinner."

Shipp, however, need not look upon his volumes as altogether a "forlorn hope," which he is advancing against the batteries of criticism; but take heart, that, like the many he has volunteered on, the present will come off with credit; and, what is of more substantial importance, ensure him a beefsteak, and, it

may be, a bottle to boot. We commence by quoting the Soldier's Wife:—

"'Who comes there?' said a sentinel to a person coming near his post. 'A friend,' softly said a timid voice. 'Advance, and give the parole.' The same soft, timid voice said, 'Love.' 'Love,' said the sentinel, 'is not the parole, and you cannot pass. It is more than my life is worth, to permit you to pass.' 'Indeed, this is cruel indeed, not to allow a sergeant's wife to pass, to take perhaps her last farewell. I beseech you to let me pass; ere the morning's battle takes place, let me spend this night in his company. I have travelled forty miles to see him.' 'Pass, friend: all's well!' It proved her last farewell."

There are one or two anecdotes, such as "the Regimental Dog," which will not suffer us to entertain the supposition that "spinning a long yarn" is by any means confined to the navy. We must also take the freedom of observing, that when an author's title-page proclaims the contents of his volumes to be the gleanings of active service, it is unwise to designate any particular anecdote as "a fact." We deprecate this, because some unreasonable people will take the hint that its less marked companions are *not* such. We give the annexed selections as characteristic of Shipp's feelings on some subjects, which cannot but gain him credit, and which, to do him justice, he never loses an opportunity of advocating.

"The Drummed-out Soldier."

"However necessary punishment may be in the army, and that it is necessary is beyond a doubt, still I have ever been of opinion that punishments whereby the delinquent is debased, and held up as a public object of derision and laughter, are injurious. The act of such disgrace is a positive detraction from the respectability of the military profession. No soldier, whatever his offence, ought to be degraded as a common vagabond. What can reflect more discredit on the British soldier than the lowering spectacle of tying a rope round his neck, a placard pinned upon his back, facings and buttons cut off, and the Rogue's March played after him? I say it is a degradation to the honourable profession of arms, and a constitutional boasting of its freedom and humanity. If he, the culprit, merits this, he falls beneath the cognizance of the service, and ought to be transferred to the civil authorities, and there his crime be provided for; but never should he be the public gaze or jeer. It is a death-blow to many a young man entering into the service; for very often, and, I fear, too often, the crime so visited is petty theft, which the civil law would punish with a couple of months at the tread-mill."

"Hanging Soldiers."

"However expedient and necessary exemplary punishments may be deemed in the army, to check mutiny or curb the rebellious spirits of soldiers, and nip crime in the bud, every one, on deeply considering the circumstances combined with hanging, will recoil at it. It detracts from the respectability of the profession; it casts a black cloud over it, putting soldiers on a level with the lowest and vilest delinquents of the earth. If a soldier deserves death, let him die like a soldier, not like a pickpocket or housebreaker. Blow him from the mouth of a gun, or let him be shot like a man. Hanging is no example to soldiers; soldiers look upon it as a general disgrace or reflection on the profession. What, permit me to ask my military readers, can be more repugnant to a bold and intrepid soldier, than to see

his comrade in full uniform suspended from a tree? Such sights may, and do, affect soldiers at the time, but they never will view it as justice: it is degrading to them in the extreme. Shooting is more congenial to their modes of thinking, and to mine too. There is something noble in seeing a soldier meeting the offended laws of his country in the same haughty and manly spirit he met his country's foes; but dragging him to the gallows is, I repeat, a slur upon the profession of arms."

We quote one more extract, which we sincerely hope is nothing less than a libel.

"A military chaplain had become so shamefully drunk at the mess on the Saturday night, that three or four of those last remaining were obliged to carry him home. On the following morning, to the astonishment of his dear companions, he took the following text: 'A drunkard shall not enter the kingdom of heaven;' and handled the subject with all the eloquence and pathos of a saint. During the oration, some of the young ones had the greatest difficulty to restrain their risible muscles; and, meeting the reverend gentleman after the sermon, one of them said, 'My dear doctor, you have astonished the whole regiment this morning by the beautiful sermon on drunkenness,—the last subject in the world we should have supposed you would have touched upon.' 'My dear fellow,' calmly replied the divine, 'if you had such a d—d headach as I have, you would preach against it too.'

In conclusion, we give John Shipp a friendly word of caution, to leave off sentimentalising, more especially about rockets and cannon-balls, to relinquish his addiction to grandeur of language, and a too general redundancy of epithets. We have refrained from particularising, and shall regret if our advice does not obviate these defects, and lead him henceforth to study a style more becoming. His object should be to write as the plain, straightforward soldier; in which case, the adventures of his life will not fail to supply literary occupation and emolument to himself, while it affords to the public amusing illustrations of the soldier's habits and hardships.

The Talba; or, the Moor of Portugal: a Romance. By Mrs. Bray, author of "the White Hoods," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

THE melancholy and romantic history of the unfortunate Ines de Castro is here well wrought into a chronicle of Moorish history. The Talba is a Mahometan expression, similar in meaning to that of philosopher: Mrs. Bray has made a very picturesque personage of hers; and she has also succeeded in giving considerable action and interest to her narrative. The following scene is an animated sketch of a combat to which a young Moor is condemned.

"All was in readiness. Alonso cast a look on Hamet, in which there was something less severe than his usual expression:—'Art thou prepared?' said the king. 'Ay, for life or death!' replied Hamet. 'Then God be thy judge, young man,' said Alonso, as he raised his arm and gave the signal. The trumpet gave one clear and hollow blast. It curdled the blood; for it sounded like the knell of death, to all but the obdurate of heart. Ere the echoes of the surrounding mountains had finished repeating the awful clarion, the barrier was thrown open; and with one bound the bull burst out. With nostrils smoking, as he uttered fearful bellowsings, he stood gazing around, shook his sides, pawed the ground with his broad hoofs, but did not advance to

the combat. He was black in colour; and therefore had been named Nero. Whilst thus he stood, wild cries arose from the circus. They were strange and mingled; some seemed uttered in joy that the animal shewed little symptoms of being willing for the attack. The more brutal Portuguese, however,—those true lovers of the game, who could forget even humanity in their sports,—greeted the creature with yells, hoots, and hissings; since it was always deemed an infallible mark of cowardice in the bull if he did not instantly attack his foe. Hamet was ready to receive him; his wood-knife in his hand—his eye fixed on his enemy. His fine person drawn to its utmost height, every muscle in his slender limbs seemed to swell and to shew its power, as he stood, 'like a greyhound on the slip,' eager for the hardy encounter."

Dogs are sent in, when "the bull, that had been thus irritated by having the dogs turned out upon him,—a usual practice, whenever the animal shewed any delay in the attack,—now sufficiently convinced all the spectators that such delay was not from want of spirit. With an aspect full of savage fury, he lashed his sides with his broad tail, bellowed, tore up the ground with hoof and horns, and darted forward towards Hamet. The youth, by leaping with an agility alone to be compared to the nimble-footed chamois as it springs from rock to rock, endeavoured, but in vain, to avoid the continued pursuit of the bull,—his eye ever watchful for the moment of attack. No such moment occurred; and it seemed evident that his life would terminate with the time in which he should become spent and breathless, from the violent exertions he made to preserve it. Hassan saw this. He clasped his hands together in agony—he looked up to heaven—he uttered fearful cries, that mingled even with his prayers. "He will die! he will die!" exclaimed Hassan. "O for an angel's wing to waft him hence in safety! Mortal aid is there none to save him. But see, prophet of Mecca! what a daring act! He has seized the terrible animal by the horns; he suffers himself to be dragged round the arena. Now he hangs by one hand: he stabs him in the throat; the blood spouts like a fount of waters—but the brute still lives. Look! Hamet falls from his hold—God save thee! He is up again! he is on his feet! O, Allah, how I thank thee! He flies! he flies!—but look! the brute is mad with fury—gored with wounds. See how he tears up the sand. He follows—he follows. How will Hamet escape? He has driven the youth close to the barrier; there is no escape, no hope—he must fall!" "He falls not, he falls not!" exclaimed Cassim. "O noble Hamet!" At this instant a loud, continued, and deafening shout of applause shook the arena; for Hamet, bold, active, quick of eye and vigorous of limb, with one bound, at the very instant the bull was about to toss him on his horns, sprang on the animal's back, and leapt over him. He ran forward. Nero had already received more than one stab from the knife. None of them, however, reached any mortal part; still he bled fast, and there was hope, could Hamet but keep him at bay till the creature was somewhat spent by loss of blood, he might even yet despatch him. So great was the interest excited in the breasts of the spectators, that many called out to him to make for the extremity of the arena, under the king's pavilion, as being farthest removed from his enemy.

"The bull had, indeed, turned again to the pursuit; and that with so much fierceness,

the last efforts of his rage, that the sight of it impressed horror. His blood streamed from his flanks; he bounded, rather than ran, forward with dreadful bellowings. He shook his neck and sides, tossed the sand in his career, whilst volumes of smoke arose from his mouth and nostrils. Hamet, as a final effort, determined to spring upon him; and, for that purpose, when within a few yards of the bull, turned to confront him. His foot slipped—he fell—and the knife dropped from his hand. All hope fled; for at this instant he stood close to the barrier, which cut off all retreat, and the wild bull was making towards him, with head bent, to gore him to death with his horns. A cry of horror arose from the arena. Hamet sprang up. There was no escape. Ines de Castro sat immediately above the very spot where the youthful Moor was in so much danger. Quick in feeling and in thought, she tore from her shoulders the crimson mantle in which she was wrapt, and threw it into the arena with so true a hand, that Hamet caught it—cast it over the bull's head as he prepared to gore him—and ere the beast could disentangle himself from the blind thus thrown over him, Hamet recovered his knife, that lay close at his feet, and struck it into the spine. His mighty enemy fell, a convulsed corpse."

There are some very beautiful descriptions of Portuguese scenery: Mrs. Bray sees with the eye of a painter; and one great merit, that of historical accuracy as regards manners, costume, &c., her pages invariably possess. These volumes must add, therefore, to her already high popularity.

The Life of Bruce, the Abyssinian Traveller.
By Major T. B. Head. (Family Library, XVII.) 12mo. pp. 535. London, 1830.
J. Murray.

A fortnight ago, on the issue of this new volume of the *Family Library*, we briefly characterised it as most deserving of the attention of all classes of readers, whether for amusement or instruction; and return to it now, not to alter, but to repeat and enforce our verdict. To compress the marrow of Bruce's five volumes into one good thickset little book of 535 pages, with an excellent portrait, woodcuts, and maps, for five shillings, is very like getting the *Iliad* into the nutshell, and very deserving of public reward.

Major Head, too, has performed his task *con amore*. He has dashed on as if he were riding over the Pampas, full of spirit and intelligence; and he has shewn a zealous regard for his subject, worthy of a brother traveller, whose own rough journeys have taught him the difference between an experienced observer and a fire-side critic. Perhaps he displays more acerbity than is required upon Lord Valentia's and Mr. Salt's dissonances from Bruce; but it must also be confessed, that he frequently demonstrates them to be mere cavils or mistakes. Ours, however, is not the office to reconcile controversies; and we shall be content to quote a few passages as specimens of the style and feeling of the "Life."

"When Bruce's work was completed, just before it was printed, and while public attention was eagerly expecting it, Johnson translated and published the travels in Abyssinia of the Jesuit Jerome Lobo. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1789, it is stated that Johnson had declared to Sir John Hawkins, 'that when he first conversed with Mr. Bruce the Abyssinian traveller, he was very much inclined to believe that he had been there; but that he had afterwards altered his opinion!' In Johnson's

preface, accordingly, he, evidently at the expense of Bruce's reputation, extols the Portuguese traveller, as one who 'has amused his reader with no romantic absurdities or incredible fictions. He appears by his modest and unaffected narrative to have described things as he saw them, to have copied nature from the life, and to have consulted his senses, not his imagination. He meets with no basilisks that destroy with their eyes, his crocodiles devour their prey without tears, and his cataracts fall from the rock without deafening the neighbouring inhabitants.' These round, rigmorale sentences were rolled against Bruce, a man who had patiently visited three-quarters of the globe, by Johnson, one of the most prejudiced men of his age, who, himself a traveller, had not temper enough to travel in a hack-chaise to Aberdeen! Peter Pindar amused all people (except Bruce) by his satirical flings, one of which was

* Nor have I been where men, (what loss, alas!)
Kill half a cow, and turn the rest to grass."

Bruce met these and other similar assaults in a manly way; in the way that all writers, conscious of truth and integrity, ought to meet the misrepresentations or calumnies of the envious and malicious. "He concludes his preface with the following noble and remarkable words:—'I have only to add, that were it probable, as in my decayed state of health it is not, that I should live to see a second edition of this work, all well-founded, judicious remarks suggested, should be gratefully and carefully attended to: but I do solemnly declare to the public in general, that I never will refute or answer any cavils, captious or idle objections, such as every new publication seems unavoidably to give birth to, nor ever reply to those witticisms and criticisms that appear in newspapers and periodical writings. What I have written I have written. My readers have before them, in the present volumes, all that I shall ever say, directly or indirectly, upon the subject; and I do, without one moment's anxiety, trust my defence to an impartial, well-informed, and judicious public.'"

Upon these matters Major Head says well.—"There is surely nothing which, in the opinion of liberal men, can more degrade a country—nothing which, at the great table of the world, more deservedly places it 'below the salt'—than its unreasonably disbelieving an honourable man. A man's opinions may be canvassed, his theories may be opposed, his arguments may be resisted; but, without rhyme or reason, to disbelieve his statements, is at once to sever the band which holds society together; it destroys the allegiance which a well-disposed individual would willingly feel that he owes to public opinion; it tells him that his only defensive weapon is contempt. 'Sir, you are no gentleman!' exclaimed a passionate, irrational man.—'Sir, you are no judge!' was the calm, contemptuous reply."

The following anecdotes and remarks, towards the close of Bruce's life, interest us much.

"After the publication of his travels, Bruce occupied himself in the management of his estate, and of his extensive coaleries. He visited London occasionally, and kept up a correspondence with Daines Barrington and with Buffon. He also employed his time in Biblical literature, and even projected an edition of the Bible, with notes, pointing out numberless instances in which the Jewish history was singularly confirmed by his own observations. He took a deep interest in the French revolution. He had received much personal kindness from Louis XVI., and when intelligence

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arrived that the king was stopped in his attempt to escape from Paris, before the 12th of August, 1792, Bruce was so much affected, that his daughter observed him to shed tears. His notions of his own consequence, and of the antiquity of his family, were high, and he had, consequently, the reputation of being a proud man; yet he was in the habit of entertaining, at Kinnaird, with great hospitality, strangers, and those people of distinction who visited him; and, in his own family, he was a delightful companion, entering into the amusements of his children with great delight. His young and amiable daughter used to walk, almost every morning, by his side, while Bruce, who had now grown exceedingly heavy and lusty, rode slowly over his estate to his coaleries, mounted on a charger of great power and size. At Kinnaird he was often seen dressed in a turban, and reclining in an eastern costume; and in those moments it may easily be conceived that his thoughts flew with eager pleasure to the mountains of Abyssinia—that Ozoro Esther, Ras Michael, Gusho, Powussen, Fasil, Tecla Mariam, were before his eyes, and that, in their society, beloved, respected, and admired, he was once again—Yagoube, the white man! But, although his life at Kinnaird was apparently tranquil, his wounded feelings, respecting his travels, occasionally betrayed themselves. One day, while he was at the house of a relation in East Lothian, a gentleman present bluntly observed, that it was impossible that the natives of Abyssinia could eat raw meat! Bruce said not a word; but, leaving the room, he shortly returned from the kitchen with a piece of raw beef steak, peppered and salted in the Abyssinian fashion. 'You will eat that, sir, or fight me!' he said. When the gentleman had eaten up the raw flesh (most willingly would he have eaten his words instead), Bruce calmly observed, 'Now, sir, you will never again say it is impossible!' Single-speech Hamilton was Bruce's first cousin and intimate friend. One evening, at Kinnaird, he said, 'Bruce, to convince the world of your power of drawing, you need only draw us now something in as good a style as those drawings of yours, which they say have been done for you by Balugani, your Italian artist.' 'Gerard,' replied Bruce, very gravely, 'you made one fine speech, and the world doubted its being your own composition, but, if you will stand up now here, and make another speech as good, we shall believe it to have been your own.' These trifling anecdotes sufficiently shew how justly sensitive Bruce was to the insult that had been offered to him. For twenty years, which had elapsed since his return to Europe, he had endured treatment which it was totally out of his power to repel. It is true, he had been complimented by Dr. Blair, and a few other people, on the valuable information which he had revealed; but the public voice still accused him of falsehood, or, what is equally culpable, of wilful exaggeration; and against the gross public an individual can do nothing. Bruce's career of happiness was at an end—he had survived his reputation; and the only remedy left him was that which a noble Roman is supposed to have prescribed for his own son. 'What could he do,' he was asked, 'against so many?' he answered . . . 'Die!' and this catastrophe—this 'consummation devoutly to be wished'—we have now the pleasure to relate. The last act of Bruce's life was one of gentlemanlike, refined, and polite attention. A large party had dined at Kinnaird, and while they were about to depart, Bruce was gaily talking to a young

lady in the drawing-room, when, suddenly observing that her aged mother was proceeding to her carriage unattended, he hurried from the drawing-room to the great staircase. In this effort, the foot which had safely carried him through all his dangers happened to fail him; he fell down several of the steps—broke some of his fingers—pitched on his head—and never spoke again! For several hours every effort was made to restore him to the world; all that is usual, customary, and useless in such cases, was performed. There was the bustle, the hurry, the confusion, the grief unspeakable, the village leech, his lancet, his phial, and his little pill; but the lamp was out—the book was closed—the lease was up—the game was won—the daring, restless, injured spirit had burst from the covert, and was—'away!' Thus perished, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, in the healthy winter of his life, in vigour of mind and body, James Bruce, of Kinnaird, a Scotchman, who was religious, loyal, honourable, brave, prudent, and enterprising. He was too proud of his ancestors, yet his posterity have reason to be proud of him. His temper was eager, hasty, and impetuous; yet he himself selected for the employment of his life enterprises of danger, in which haste, eagerness, and impetuosity, were converted into the means of serving science and his country. The eagerness with which he toiled for the approbation of the world, and the pain he suffered from its cruelty and injustice, exclude him from ranking among those great men who, by religion, or even by philosophy, may have learnt to despise both; yet it must be observed, that, had he possessed this equanimity of mind, he would never have undertaken the race which he won. Bruce belonged to that sect—that labouring class, that useful race of men—who are ever ready

'To set their life upon a cast,
And stand the hazard of the die.'

He was merely a traveller—a knight errant in search of new regions of the world; yet the steady courage with which he encountered danger—his patience and fortitude in adversity—his good sense in prosperity—the tact and judgment with which he steered his lonely course through some of the most barren and barbarous countries in the world, bending even the ignorance, passions, and prejudices of the people he visited to his own advantage—the graphic truth with which he described the strange scenes which he had witnessed, and the inflexible courage with which he maintained his assertions against the barbarous incredulity of his age, most deservedly place him at the top of his own class, where he at least stands—second to no man. His example is well worthy the attention and study of every individual, whose duty or inclination may lead him to attempt to penetrate the yet unknown, dangerous, and uncivilised regions of this world. Four days after his death, his corpse, attended by his tenantry, and by several of the principal men in the county, was deposited in the churchyard of Larbert, in a tomb which Bruce had built for his wife and his infant child. On the south side of the monument there is the following inscription:—

In this Tomb are deposited the Remains of
James Bruce, Esq., of Kinnaird,
Who died on the 27th of April, 1794,
In the 64th year of his age.
His life was spent in performing
Useful and splendid actions.
He explored many distant regions.
He discovered the Sources of the Nile.
He traversed the Deserts of Nubia.
He was an affectionate husband,
An indulgent parent,
An ardent lover of his country.

By the unanimous voice of mankind
His name is enrolled with those
Who were conspicuous
For genius, for valour, and for virtue.

"The descendants of James Bruce, of Kinnaird, remain, to this day, in their country—unrewarded."

Some of our friends, perhaps, may be of opinion that we should have presented them with some extracts from the 'Travels;' but, as the volume is calculated to find its way into most hands where it has not already done so, we have rather selected what our readers abroad will, we trust, prefer.

The History of Chivalry; being Vol. IV. of the National Library. By G. P. R. James, author of "De L'Orme," &c. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

HAD this volume been called a History of the Crusades, the title would have given a much juster idea of its contents. It commences, it is true, with a luminous and correct view of the rise of the spirit of chivalry, and does full and deserved justice to its most beneficial influence; but as its entire history, it is incomplete. There are only a few pages after the wars in the Holy Land are brought to a close. Now, the most distinguished knights flourished after that period; those, too, whose example was peculiarly influential on their age—Duguesclin, Sir John Chandos, Bayard, &c., are all dismissed in a few brief sentences. Its rise is traced—but not its empire, nor its decline; and therefore, we repeat, the title is erroneous. As a History of Chivalry, it cannot compete with that of Mills, which embodies the whole of personal adventure, the variety of observance, and the individual sketches which illustrate the subject. Mills' History of Chivalry, with all its antiquarian errors, forms two of the most delightful volumes we know. But considering the present as a history of the Crusades, we must say, that we think it infinitely superior to Mr. Mills' work on that subject; its views are much more just, its research more careful, its style much more animated—it has all the information, and none of the heaviness, of its predecessor. Mr. James's first merit, and that a great one in an historian, is, that he has entered into his subject with the utmost enthusiasm; his second is, that this is united with the most patient investigation, and an excellent judgment in choice of *matériel*—while the whole narrative is set off by a style peculiarly happy in its simplicity and animation. We have not space to enter into the specific differences between his views and those of Mills; but content ourselves with saying, the present author's are by far the most correct and just. The following is one specimen:—

"One of the historians of the crusades, attributing, perhaps somewhat too much, the spirit of modern politics to an age whose genius was of very different quality, supposes that the course determined on by the pope and his ally was, in fact, principally a shrewd plot to fix Urban firmly in the Vatican, and to forward Boemond's ambitious views in Greece. It seems to me, however, that such a supposition is perfectly irreconcilable with the subsequent conduct of either. The pope shortly after threw himself into the midst of his enemies, to hold a council on the subject of the crusades; and Boemond abandoned every thing in Europe to carry on the holy war in Palestine. It is much more natural to imagine that the spirit of their age governed both the prelate and the warrior—the enthusiasm of religion the one, and the enthusiasm of chivalry the other."

We can coincide in the truth, of the next remark.

"He who does not grasp the spirit of the age on which he writes, but judges of other days by the feelings of his own, is like one who would adapt a polar dress to the climate of the tropics. Before closing this chapter, one observation, also, must be made respecting the justice of the crusade, which enterprise it has become somewhat customary to look upon as altogether cruel and unnecessary. Such an opinion, however, is in no degree founded on fact. The crusade was not only as just as any other warfare of the day, but as just as any that ever was waged. The object was, the protection and relief of a cruelly oppressed and injured people—the object was, to repel a strong, an active, and an encroaching enemy—the object was, to wrest from the hands of a blood-thirsty and savage people, territories which they themselves claimed by no right but the sword, and in which the population they had enslaved was loudly crying for deliverance from their yoke—the object was, to defend a weak and exposed frontier from the further aggression of a nation whose boast was conquest."

The ensuing observations are excellent.

"Enthusiasm will conquer difficulties, confront danger and death, and change the very nature of the circumstances in which it is placed, to encouragement and hope; but it will not bear to be mingled with less elevated feelings and considerations. The common ambitions and passions of life, cold reasonings, and thoughtful debates, deaden it, and put it out; and amidst the intrigues of interest, or the speculations of selfishness, it is extinguished like a flame in the foul air of a vault."

We select one characteristic anecdote. "One Turk, in particular, signalised himself by an immense slaughter of the crusaders, shewing himself exposed upon the battlements, and plying his terrible bow, which winged death in every direction. The Christians became so fearful of him, that that most imaginative passion, terror, began to invest him with some supernatural defence. The best-aimed arrows proved totally ineffectual, and reports spread rapidly that he might be seen still sending destruction around from his hand, while twenty shafts, each carrying the fate of a common mortal, were sticking unheeded in his flesh. Godfrey of Bouillon, to end the panic that this man occasioned, at length took a crossbow himself, though that machine was considered but a fit weapon for a yeoman, and directing the quarry with a steadier hand than those which had before aimed at the Turkish archer, he sent the missile directly to his heart."

Our author is very minute in his antiquarian details, and corrects a mistake of Mills, who states plate armour was not known until the thirteenth century—it can be traced back as far as the time of Louis le Débonnaire. One of his passing observations we think much to summarise—he thus mentions Henry II.: "After one of the violent fits of passion to which he so often yielded himself, he was taken ill, and concluded a long life of vice and crime, before the altar of the Lord, which he had once caused to be stained with blood."

This we hold to be an unfair mention of one of the greatest, the wisest, and certainly the very best, of our early kings. We must remind Mr. James of his observation touching the injustice of passing judgment on former times according to our modern criterion. Here the better administration of justice, the comparatively flourishing state to which he brought his

kingdom, the great talents he displayed for peace and war, are all merged in a passing censure on his private character, whose vices were those of his age—while his higher qualities were essentially his own. In two instances, also, Mr. James has shewn a leaning to romantic fables, at variance with his generally strict research. He alludes to the tragedy of the Fair Rosamond as if it were a fact, instead of a mere invention; and where Eleonora sucks the poison from the wound of Edward I., instead of treating it as, what it certainly was, a fable, he mentions, that though some historians omit it, yet Camden sanctions it. Now, he must know it was one of those floating stories, told first of one hero, and then of another: for example, it is narrated of Robert Duke of Normandy, and as occurring in the first crusade.

We shall conclude with the following anecdote, which Sir Walter Scott has turned to such admirable dramatic purpose in his tale of the "Talisman," which Mr. James thus mentions:—"The spirit of the whole of this crusade (which I could wish to dwell upon more than any thing else) has been already fully, perfectly, and feelingly displayed, in that most beautiful composition, the 'Talisman;' wherein Sir Walter Scott, however he may have altered some historical facts to suit the purposes of fiction, has given a more striking picture of the human mind in that age—of the character of nations as well as individuals—than any dull chronicle of cold events can furnish."

The incident really took place after a victory of Saladin's.

"The king—Renault de Chatillon, Count of Karac, who had so often broken faith with the Moslems—and the Grand Master of the Temple, whose whole order was in abhorrence amongst the Mussulmans—were taken alive and carried prisoners to the tent of Saladin. That monarch remained for some time on the field, giving orders that the knights of St. John and those of the Temple, who had been captured, should instantly embrace Islamism, or undergo the fate of the cimeter. A thousand acts of cruelty and aggression on their part, had given cause to such deadly hatred; but at the hour of death not one knight could be brought to renounce his creed; and they died with that calm resolution which is in itself a glory. After this bloody consummation of his victory, Saladin entered the tent where Lusignan and his companions expected a similar fate; but Saladin, thirsty himself, called for iced sherbet, and having drank, handed the cup to the fallen monarch—a sure pledge that his life was secure. Lusignan, in turn, passed it to Renault de Chatillon; but the sultan, starting up, exclaimed, 'No hospitality for the breaker of all engagements!' and before Chatillon could drink, with one blow of his cimeter Saladin severed his head from his body."

We have now cordially and universally to recommend this volume—to the young it will be invaluable. Just, accurate, and animated, Mr. James has given a picture of the crusades as faithful as it is lively.

Affection's Offering; a Book for all Seasons, but especially designed as a Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birth-day Present. London, 1831. Tilt.

A PRETTY little volume for children, containing some well-told tales, and some neat woodcuts. An inducement is held out to youthful essayists, by prizes offered for the best essays on given subjects. The writers must not be more than sixteen years of age. The subjects pro-

posed for next year are: "the Efficacy of Prayer"—"the Wickedness and Folly of indulging in Perverse Tempers"—"on the Advantages of Truth and Sincerity over Falsehood and Duplicity;" to be addressed to the publisher. The prizes are books of various value.

An Epitome of the History of England, from William the Norman to William the Fourth; with the Contemporary Sovereigns of Scotland, France, Russia, Germany, and the Roman Pontiffs. G. Tytler; and A. Miller.

AN exceedingly large sheet, divided into columns, which contain as many dates, and as much information, as it seems possible to comprise in the space. The whole is well arranged, and exhibits, at a glance, what it would require a search through many hundreds of volumes to obtain.

The Emperor's Rout. Illustrated by coloured plates. Pp. 38. London, C. Tilt.

IN this pretty little book, that splendid division of entomology, the moths, is treated of after the manner of the butterflies in their celebrated ball. The amusing form of a rout introduces the various species to the knowledge of the young lover of this interesting science; and the plates are faithful representations of many of the individuals who figure in the text. The design has our best word; and the execution will convey more real pleasure than the most perfect account of a human emperor's rout that ever existed.

Massaniello. By James Kenney. Pp. 55. London, E. Moxon.

WE have only to notice the publication of this justly popular opera in a very neat form; Mr. Kenney having already forestalled his honours upon the stage.

Satan in Search of a Wife, &c. &c. By an Eye-witness. Pp. 36. E. Moxon.

ANOTHER piece of diablerie. It possesses some humour, and the wood-cuts are very good indeed, both in design and execution.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MR. BARROW in the chair.—Read minutes of the preceding meeting, viz. a brief account of a Danish voyage of discovery, undertaken last year, and again prosecuted this, in search of some remains of the (supposed) Icelandic colony on the east coast of Old Greenland; and of a detailed statement of the condition and prospects of the Swan River settlement, on the 1st of January, 1830, drawn up by Mr. Barrow, from Governor Stirling's official reports to government, with the botany of the district, contributed by Mr. Brown. Afterwards read,—1. A very long list of donations made to the Society's library, since last meeting. 2. A letter from Dr. Holland, suggesting the propriety of keeping a book for the insertion and classification of geographical desiderata, as they may occur to members, or others willing thus to record them; with a minute of an order of the council directing such a book to be immediately commenced at the Society's office, and requesting contributions to it, whether desultory notices of new matters of fact, or suggestions of subjects of inquiry. 3. A report made by Captain Vidal, R.N., to the Admiralty, and communicated by Mr. Barrow, of the earnest but unsuccessful efforts made by him in the months of June, July, and August last, to dis-

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cover a *vigia*, or supposed sunken rock, called Aitkin's rock, off the north-west coast of Ireland, the belief in the existence of which has frequently excited much uneasiness among the ship-owners of Greenock and other northern ports; but which Captain Vidal has most satisfactorily ascertained not only not to lie near any of the points usually assigned to it, but not even to be found within the extreme limits of latitude and longitude indicated by the most remote of them, viz. between $54^{\circ} 50'$ and $55^{\circ} 40'$ north latitude, and 8° and 13° west longitude, the whole of which space he repeatedly traversed, and examined with a minuteness, as exhibited on his chart, truly admirable. 4, and lastly. A short but very interesting account of an ascent to the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe, made by the late Captain Pearce, R.N., the African traveller, on his voyage to Sierra Leone, in 1825, also communicated by Mr. Barrow, being an extract from a letter received from him at the time. The meeting, from the extreme variety of the subjects thus brought before it, was very interesting, and was concluded by holding a special general meeting, to receive the regulations proposed by the council to be observed in transacting the Society's business, which were confirmed and adopted without comment. Adjourned over the holidays.

LECTURE ON THE MUMMY AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

AN assemblage of about four hundred persons took place on Saturday, to hear a lecture by Dr. Granville, on the opening of a Theban mummy. Sir Gore Ouseley took the chair, *viz.* the Duke of Sussex, who was called upon to attend at the British Museum, of which his royal highness becomes a trustee *ex officio*, as President of the Royal Society. The mummy which was to be opened had been presented by Sir John Malcolm to the Royal Asiatic Society; and Dr. Granville had, as a member of that institution, been deputed to comment upon the appearances presented at the opening of the coffin. He set out by remarking how much interest was awakened by researches of this kind: we called into our presence the remains of a being who had been buried perhaps three thousand years; and how powerful were the associations connected with such a reflection: it appeared almost to connect us with fabulous times. Mummies were of the greatest utility to antiquaries in their studies; they had been the means of perpetuating history, and had remained to attest the art and magnificence of former times, while other monuments had passed away like a dream. The lecturer dwelt upon the enthusiasm of Denon, when he was "promenading" in the galleries crowded with the remains of the ancient inhabitants of the long banks of the Nile. The pleasure to be derived from such scenes might be said to be introduced into this great city; and there had been a project of establishing a necropolis, or city of the dead, by two able architects, which was to contain galleries of a similar nature, and which project the doctor recommended to his numerous audience. There was a gentleman, he said, well known to the literary world, (Jeremy Bentham,) who had often expressed his wish to be embalmed after his death.

The outer case, which consisted of two pieces, and was of sycamore, was taken off, and, being placed in an erect position, presented the curious figure of a Theban, in long drapery, with a longitudinal band of hieroglyphics, necklace, and other ornaments. The second coffin had a

more finished repetition of the same portrait, with similar ornaments. Lastly, the inner case, which has erroneously been stated to be made of papier maché, contained the representation of a figure in the inside, holding in its hand the sign of divine life. The external part was beautifully painted and varnished with a variety of emblematic designs. At the feet of the mummy was the figure of the god Apis, by which it was immediately prognosticated that it would be the coffin of a male person. A second partition, moulded over the body as exactly as the former, was divided into two portions, which were held together by a rough suture; and lime was found in the inner side of the covering, which Dr. G. gave as his opinion, had been introduced subsequently to the moulding on of the inner coffin. At this period of the process, Dr. G. entered upon a slight historical account of the discoveries which had been made in modern times with regard to mummies, noticing the researches of Blumenbach, Denon, and more particularly his own, pointing out the curious and entertaining facts which he had been successful in discovering. The preservation of the shape, size, and flexibility of the muscles, by the injection of wax, was particularly alluded to. The mummy was then deprived of its bandages; these were externally retained by a roll, with blue stripes, which was stated to resemble in every point the dress in use at the present day on the spot from which the mummy came. Contrary to their common relative situation, the general envelope came before the rollers. All the cavities and sinuosities of the body were found to be carefully filled up. Lastly, the mummy itself came to view, when it excited some disappointment to find, that, whether for economy or other motives, the body had not undergone the more complete process of embalming, but had merely been dipped in a compound bituminous mixture; in consequence of which all the flesh had been destroyed, the muscles corrugated and inflexible, and the membranous textures entirely obliterated: the intestines were also destroyed. On removing the scalp, the brain was found intact as of one that died yesterday. The *pia mater*, or external membrane of the brain, was perfect. The doctor here discussed the question, as to how the removal of the viscera and of the brain was effected: in the former case, the integuments were too much destroyed to ascertain whether or not the abdomen had been opened; but in the latter, there was only the opening by the nose through which the brain could have been removed; had they been destroyed by caustic substances, the delicate membranes would also have been destroyed. After Dr. Granville had terminated his interesting lecture, some questions were put by the chairman, and others made different suggestions. The hair was not woolly, and of a light colour.

Appendix.—In our account of Kotzebue's voyage, we remarked that the teeth of the mummies of Teneriffe had led to a supposition that the ancient grandees probably lived on vegetables. A peculiarity of structure in the teeth is, however, also characteristic of the Theban mummy, which serves well to distinguish them from those impositions which have in latter times been so frequently got up. Why did the learned doctor not examine the teeth, or allude to this fact? The development of the head, as connected with the moral and intellectual character of the ancient Egyptians, and as serving to establish a magnificent historical parallel between remote ages and present

appearances, would, we think, have deserved the attention of a philosophical mind.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

SIR James South in the chair.—There were read, a communication on the method of determining the declination of two stars with one mural circle, by means of the sum and difference of their altitudes, by Mr. Pond,—observations of occultations, by Sir Thomas Brisbane and Mr. Dunlop,—an account of Capt. Smyth's observatory and instruments at Bedford,—also Capt. King's observations of a comet in the southern hemisphere. Capt. Beetham and the Rev. A. Mead were elected fellows. The president read a letter from Mr. Barrow, of the Admiralty. This communication was in answer to a report on the present state of the *Nautical Almanac*, which had been referred to the Astronomical Society by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty,—a circumstance noticed in the *Literary Gazette* some time ago. The letter went on to say, that the writer had been commanded by their Lordships to acquaint the Society that they had directed the Astronomer Royal to carry the several suggestions in the Report into effect, particularly as to the *Nautical Almanac* for 1834. Furthermore, twenty copies of the Society's Report had been commanded by the Lords of the Admiralty to be distributed to the several flag-officers and commodores commanding his Majesty's squadrons at home and abroad. The letter also expressed a desire, on the part of the Lords Commissioners, that the Astronomical Society would accept their thanks for the great pains and labour which had been evidently bestowed on the important subject referred to the consideration of the Society, and for the valuable suggestions offered towards the improvement of navigation, and the general interests of astronomical science.

We may here state, that the address to his Majesty, noticed in our last report, was presented to the King at the levee on Wednesday, by Mr. Davies Gilbert.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in the chair. A mathematical paper, by Mr. Lubbock, was read. After a number of donations were announced, his royal highness intimated that it was his intention to invite the foreign ministers to the Society's meeting-room; and, in order that they, as well as any foreigners distinguished by rank or science, who might accompany them, should be properly accommodated, his royal highness suggested, that the bench next the foreign secretary be appropriated to their use on the occasion. By such a friendly intercourse, the great objects for which the Royal Society was instituted would be materially advanced. The intimation was very cordially received. The royal duke appeared to be in excellent health.

At a meeting of the council, held on Thursday, his royal highness was pleased to nominate Davies Gilbert, Esq., Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., J. W. Lubbock, Esq., Wm. Cavendish, Esq., John Pond, Esq., and George Rennie, Esq., as his vice-presidents. The appointments are severally engrossed on stamped paper, and signed by his royal highness in a fine bold rubric character.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THURSDAY, Hudson Gurney, V.P., in the chair.—The Secretary concluded the reading

of Mr. Amyot's reply to Mr. Tytler's observations respecting the death of Richard II.; and mentioned several circumstances in confirmation of his position, that Richard died in the first year of the reign of Henry IV., and that the Scotch were deceived in the man who personated the deceased king of England, and who lived for years in Scotland, and was buried at Stirling. He noticed the exposure of King Richard's corpse in London, and that Froisart, among other ancient authors, states that his body was seen at St. Paul's by more than 20,000 people—that the Londoners well knew Richard's person—and many must have detected the imposture, if (as had been asserted) the body of any other person had been shewn as that of the king. Mr. Amyot also noticed the marriage of King Richard's widow previous to the death of his representative in Scotland, as an evidence that she must have been convinced of his death having occurred twelve years previous to the Scotch account.

Sydney Smirke, Esq., exhibited to the Society a drawing of the mausoleum of the Gothic king Theodoric, at Ravenna, with a drawing of part of the frieze, from the pattern of which, Mr. S. considered that the zig-zag moulding of the Saxon architecture might have been derived; and also a drawing of an ideal restoration of the building as it stood in the sixth century. A short descriptive paper was read, in which it was stated that the dome was thirty-six feet in diameter, and formed of a single stone; and Mr. Smirke considered, that the want of knowledge to construct a dome of several stones in a conical form, must have induced the herculean task of hollowing out an immense mass of stone, and working on the other side a regular convex shape.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Extraordinary Steeple-Chase for a Thousand Sovereigns; between Mr. Osbaldistone's "Clasher" and Captain Ross's "Clinker." Engraved by Messrs. Alken and Ducaan, from a painting by E. Gill. Ackermann.

Or the various modes which have been invented for the torture of that noble animal, the horse, the steeple-chase is among the most barbarous. In a recent account of one of these scandalous exhibitions of cruelty, it was stated that one of the gallant creatures who are thus tasked beyond their strength, was killed in the field, and that another died on the next morning! Who that has common feeling can read such details without disgust and indignation? The only consoling consideration is, that the riders frequently break their own ribs, legs, and collar-bones. As a striking illustration of the inhumanity of this "sport," the print under our notice is highly meritorious.

The Costumes of the French Pyrenees. Drawn on stone by J. D. Harding, from Original Sketches by J. Johnson, Esq. Part II. Carpenter and Son.

HIGHLY picturesque; those of the "Peasants of the Valley of Ossau" especially. The backgrounds are rendered peculiarly interesting by being local views.

Penmanship.—We have seen two specimens of ornamental penmanship, by Mr. J. P. Hemm, surrounding portraits, in stipple, of their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester. Of Mr. Hemm's "Original Penmanship," we spoke favourably on its appearance; and the works to which we now allude, confirm the

opinion we then expressed of his taste and talent. They are about to be published by Mr. Harding.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

MISS KEMBLE is certainly the most unfortunate of fortunate persons. Her extraordinary success was not dreamed of even by her most sanguine friends and admirers. She restored the fortunes of the theatre, and laid the foundation of her own; and now, in the very blossom of her reputation, comes "a chilling blight," as unexpected as her success, but not, like that, deserved. During the whole of her career, we have written but two notices, of any length, upon her performances, because we felt that the observations made upon one would nearly apply to all. In all, the same genius was apparent,—in all, the same defects. The latter, both natural and acquired, have been confirmed, instead of removed, by practice; and the misfortune of the case is this,—that the few existing characters most adapted for the display of Miss Kemble's peculiar style and powers, are either unsuitable to her age and figure, or so worthless and disagreeable in themselves, as to make us lament the waste of such talent upon them. We remarked, some time ago, the exceeding poverty of our stage in tragedies possessing important female characters. Our prince of poets has furnished us with but two or three of any consequence, while of heroes he is profuse. *Cordelia* and *Desdemona*, beautiful as they are, are secondary personages by the side of *Lea* and *Othello*. Few actresses who can look and play *Juliet*, are also fitting representatives of *Lady Macbeth* and *Constance*; and when we bid adieu to Shakespeare, where are we to seek for tragedies which, in these days, will be popular? *Venice Preserved* is the first met with in our rapid descent to mediocrity. The *Gamester* ranks next, perchance, in public estimation; and, with less reason, the play of the *Stranger*; Southern's *Isabella* then "drags its slow length along;" and down we sink at once into the very dregs of Melpomene's chalice—the *Grecian Daughter* of Murphy, and the *Jane Shore* and *Fair Penitent* of the ridiculously over-rated Rowe! Now, with the exception of *Romeo and Juliet* (and Mr. C. Kemble's exquisite *Mercutio* must also be taken into consideration, when accounting for the attraction, last season, of that tragedy), the plays in which Miss Kemble has, in our opinion, most distinguished herself, are, unfortunately, precisely those which we cannot honestly wish to see attractive on the London stage in the nineteenth century; and if any one will take the trouble to refer to the bills, they will also perceive that the plays in which Miss Kemble has succeeded, have been attractive, as nearly as possible, in proportion to their merits as plays, and not according to the success of her own individual exertions. We believe the account stands thus:—

Romeo and Juliet has been performed	39 nights.
Venice Preserved.....	24
Gamester	19
Isabella	13
Grecian Daughter	10
Stranger, produced this season and still in its run	8

The *Fair Penitent*, the revival of which has called forth these remarks, has now been played three times; and considering, as we do, that *Calista* is decidedly the best of Miss Kemble's performances, we repeat that she is the most unfortunate of fortunate persons. The public will not pay to see dull and

disagreeable plays, because one character is finely performed; and who are to write new tragedies for this fastidious generation? Two, *Virginus* and *Rienzi*,* have succeeded greatly and deservedly, in about ten or a dozen years, and the former alone is likely to keep possession of the stage. What would become of the *Fair Penitent* or the *Grecian Daughter*, were they now to be written and produced? and yet our fathers not only tolerated, but admired them; the greatest of actresses deigned to perform in them; and "next to Shakespeare's" is placed "the honoured bust" of the perpetrator of the former! Yet we are daily told of the dulness and imbecility of modern dramatists. Pshaw! We are sick of the cant. There is more true poetry and dramatic spirit now stirring than has been ever known in England since the days of Shakespeare; and it is the refinement, not the degeneracy, of the times that makes success almost impossible, and, consequently, scares from the attempt not only those who have reputations to gain, but those who have already obtained them. Here, then, is the dilemma in which Miss Kemble is placed. The only new play that has been written for her has failed miserably; and the meagre list of "opening parts," as they are technically termed, she has nearly exhausted. We trust some competent hand will hasten to our aid, and save us from the infliction of *Jane Shore*, *Tancred* and *Sigismunda*, the *Mourning Bride*, the *Orphan*, and the rest of that whining, rhyming, ranting, ragged regiment.—To return to the *Fair Penitent*. Miss Kemble's *Calista* is a most powerful performance, and bears the stamp of genius upon it far more strongly than any of her previous personations. We have all along felt that her strength was in the storm and the volcano, and in the still more terrible calm and hush that precedes them. The finest and most original points of her *Juliet* are, as we have before pointed out to our readers, the icy coldness of her replies to *Paris* when she meets him in the *Friar's* cell; her scorn and indignation, when counselled by the *Nurse* to forsake *Romeo*; her anticipation of the horrors of the vault; and her management of the final catastrophe. In *Belvidera*, we shall long remember her rush from the stage after her last parting with *Jaffier*; and in *Euphrasia*, her taunts of *Dionysius*, though a little deficient in dignity, still ring in our ears. The part of *Calista* abounds in similar passages; and perhaps nothing was ever given with more truth and force than the lines in which she anticipates the strictures of the "rigidly righteous" on her conduct. The monotonous recitation which disfigures all her tenderness and sorrow is broken through in an instant, when the bitterness of a wounded spirit, or the despair of a rending heart, awakes the sleeping spark within her. Her eyes flash lightnings; her lips seem to shrink, and disclose the clenched and grinding teeth, and her bosom "swells with its freight, for 'tis of aspics' tongues." Her by-play, too, is excellent; she is always in the scene. But then her supporters! Mr. Parry has sadly disappointed us. His *Allamont* is poor indeed. Abbott cannot reconcile us to the heartless *Lothario*; and the talent of C. Kemble is wasted upon the prosing, drivelling *Horatio*. We know of no greater compliment to the genius of Miss Kem-

* The five-act melo dramas of *Bertram* and *Brutus*, made by Kean, and expiring with him, are scarcely worth mentioning; but, as they brought money for the time, we may take them into account, as well as Coleridge's *Remorse*, Froster's *Mirandola*, Shiel's tragedies (for which Miss O'Neill accomplished what Kean did for those we have named), and the productions of Miss Mitford.

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ble, than the sufferance of this tragedy. That it should be repeated twice vouches far more for her ability than the forty nights' run of *Romeo and Juliet*.

On Tuesday evening Miss Inverarity made her appearance in *Cinderella*, to a bumper house, and with most complete success. It is a triumph of which she may well be proud, for it places her at once at the head of her profession. We trust she will be able to maintain the giddy elevation—and we have great hopes that she will; for, through all the embarrassment of a first appearance on the stage—on such a stage, and in such a character—there were gleams of intelligence which gratified us more by the promise than the mere mechanical ability she exhibited, great and original as we are happy to acknowledge it. Her voice is of a most delicious quality, and her style unexceptionable: she is fair, tall, and her smile is particularly engaging. As an actress, she has, of course, everything to learn that can be learned; but, fortunately, she possesses that first grand qualification, which no teaching can bestow, and without which all teaching is in vain. We understand, also, that she is yet in her eighteenth year! increasing power, therefore, may be confidently calculated upon—and opera "looks up," as they say in the city. Mr. Wilson relieved us from some previous apprehensions into which we had lately fallen respecting him: we are most happy to say, that his performance on Tuesday fully justified our first favourable impressions respecting him. He was loudly applauded throughout; as, indeed, was the whole opera, most deservedly. We should mention that Miss Rarity, as we may justly abbreviate her inconvenient name, was rapturously *encored* in the great trial song, which forms the finale, and which, after singing through three long acts, is no trifling exertion, taking the lungs alone into consideration. The opera was announced for repetition on Friday, amidst thunders of applause. We cannot dismiss this subject without noticing the singular fact, that to Covent Garden we are indebted for nearly all the most popular performers of late years. Miss Stephens, Miss Tree, Miss Paton, Miss Love, Mr. Wood, Mr. Sinclair, amongst the vocals; Miss O'Neill, Miss Kemble, Mr. Young, Mr. Macready, Farren, Liston, Jones, amongst the comedians, have all emanated from, or acquired their reputation on, the boards of Covent Garden. Kean and Madame Vestris are the two principal stars that have arisen in the other hemisphere.

DRURY LANE.

By right of custom, and we believe of rank, Drury Lane stands in all columns before Covent Garden; but the *Fair Penitent* and *Cinderella* having the start by time, and demanding so much notice, we are compelled to restrict our account of *Werner*, this week, to the mere fact of its having greatly and justly succeeded, not more from its own intrinsic merits than the admirable acting of Macready, Wallack, and Cooper. We have seldom seen three characters so perfectly conceived and executed in one play. We hail the addition of *Werner* to our poor stock of tragedies, and feel ourselves doubly indebted to Macready, by whose judicious and unpresuming adaptation, we are enabled to place the name of Byron on the roll of modern dramatists, and in the rank, too, such a name should occupy, next to the only English poet who surpasses him in fame,—a station which has too long been claimed for Rowe, by those who ought to have known better.

VARIETIES.

Paper from Wood.—A Mr. Brad, in Upper Provence, has succeeded in producing a good sort of grayish paper, fit for writing upon, or for conversion into a light and serviceable pasteboard, from the fibrous parts of rotten pine wood.

Reform.—A rusty shield addressed the sun, and cried, "O, sun! enlighten me!" To which the sun returned—"O, shield! be-
cleanse thyself!"

A new Sect.—A new religious society has been formed at Paris, under the title of "the Society of Saint Simon;" the professed object of which appears to be the extermination of bigotry and superstition, and the establishment of "peace on earth and good-will towards men." The meetings of the society are held at the Hall Taitbout, and are attended by crowded and brilliant audiences. It having been stated that Madame Malibran was one of the preachers of the society, that lady has addressed a letter to several of the Parisian journals, denying the truth of the assertion.

La Bibliothèque du Roi.—The sub-librarians of the King's Library at Paris have published, in the *Moniteur*, a complaint of the insufficiency of their salaries, especially as compared with the emoluments enjoyed by the keepers, and other superior officers of that establishment.

Mr. Pentland's Researches in Bolivia.—M. Arago laid before the Academy of Sciences, on the 12th of July last, the geographical labours of Mr. Pentland in the republic of Bolivia. The author, who has carried on his observations at considerable heights, carefully noted the variations of the chronometer on the mountains, dependent upon the diminution of atmospheric pressure. This important fact had been previously neglected, and the observations of Mr. Pentland will consequently cause an alteration in the position given to all the places where he has been.

Benjamin Constant.—The Paris papers of last week announce the death of the celebrated Benjamin Constant. He was a fine German scholar, and contributed much to introduce the philosophy of Germany into France. We observe, by another paragraph, that the government has decreed the Pantheon to be re-opened for the reception of the ashes of great men, and that M. Constant is to be interred there;—forming, to begin with, an exception to the general rule, that ten years must elapse after the death of the individuals, to enable posterity to judge of the validity of their claim to this national honour.

Population of Poland.—At the beginning of 1820, the kingdom of Poland (i. e. the Russian province so called, of which Warsaw is the metropolis) contained 4,088,289 souls, exclusive of the army. The increase since the year 1825 had therefore been 383,983. The Jewish portion of the inhabitants had been almost universally located in distinct quarters; they amounted to 384,263 individuals. The extent of property insured in the Warsaw Assurance Office was 420,000,000 guildens (33,250,000*l.*) in value. Warsaw itself possesses a population of 136,554 souls, independently of a garrison of about 15,000 men; and of this population 30,146 are of the Israelitish faith.

Ancient Pike.—In the year 1497, a pike was caught in standing water, at Heilbronn on the Neckar, which had a copper ring round its head; the ring bore the following inscription in Greek:—"I am the first fish that was launched into this pond, and was thrown in by

Frederic the Second, emperor of the Romans, on the fifth of October, 1230." It appeared, therefore, that the pike was two hundred and sixty-seven years old when thus caught; it weighed three hundred and fifty pounds; and an exact representation of it exists to this day against one of the gates of Heilbronn.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. LI. Dec. 18.]

The third volume of Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War.—The History and Antiquities of Somersetshire, by the Rev. W. Phelps, A.B., vicar of Meare, and author of "Calendarium Botanicum."—A series of Views in the Mauritius, on stone, by William Rider, from original Drawings by T. Bradshaw, Esq.; with a Memoir of the Island, and letter-press Descriptions of each View.—A narrative entitled An Only Son, by the Author of "My Early Days."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Loudon's Gardener's Magazine, Vol. VI. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*—Key to Butler's Latin Praxis, 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.*—Hawthorn on Ventilation, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Trial of the Unitarians, post 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*—Nicolas's Observations on Historical Literature, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Household Book of Elizabeth of York, 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*—Betham's Dignities, Feudal and Parliamentary, &c., Vol. 1. 8vo. 15*s.* 6*d.*—Romance of History, France, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Margate, a Poem, with Cruikshank's designs, 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Becker's German Grammar, 4vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Mundy's Life of Admiral Rodney, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*—Green's British Merchant's Assistant, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—A Visit to the Zoological Gardens, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Vol. XXV. royal 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*; 1*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*—Hood's Comic Annual for 1831, 12*s.* hf.-bd. morocco.—The Emperor's Rout, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Anecdotes of Napoleon, 3 vols. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Tempest, Gallery of Shakespeare, 12mo. 2*s.*—Campbell's Lays from the East, fcp. 6*s.* 6*d.*—Logan's Scottish Gael, 2 vols. demy 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*; royal 8vo. 2*s.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 9	From 40. to 49.	29.94 to 29.90
Friday . . . 10	— 38. — 42.	29.96 — 29.16
Saturday . . . 11	— 30. — 40.	29.18 — 29.25
Sunday . . . 12	— 26. — 39.	29.31 — 29.83
Monday . . . 13	— 26. — 35.	30.06 — 30.14
Tuesday . . . 14	— 22. — 41.	30.28 — 30.23
Wednesday 15	— 28. — 39.	30.38 — 30.38

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing. Alternately clear and cloudy, rain at times; some snow about an hour before noon of the 12th.

Rain fallen, .575 of an inch.

Aurora Borealis.—Except that of the 12th, every evening since Friday the northern parts of our horizon have been more or less illumined by the aurora borealis, from midnight of the 11th, till about three in the morning of the 12th, the continued flashing of the immense body of light, which extended over an arc of about 70°, was peculiarly interesting; the coruscations, however, were neither so strong nor so numerous as during the night of the 12th: at times, as many as fifteen were together visible, rolling from the E. by N. to about the same distance westward of the north, and darting in a direction nearly perpendicular to the horizon, to a height of about 40°; though perfectly calm at the time, none of that crackling noise which frequently attends this phenomenon, could be heard. From one till four in the morning of the 14th, the generalised light which overspread every part of the visible hemisphere was not inferior to the light reflected from our moon when at her quadrature.

Edimonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The point of the concluding line, that Adam and Eve were the first who "Mac-Adamised the globe," is very fair; but the rest of the poem will not bear printing.

Our effort to do ample justice this week to Hood's comicities compels us to postpone many favours, as well as Reviews of new works, conclusions, &c. We regret also to defer our account of Colonel Blom's Transportable Houses; but as it is illustrated by a wood-engraving, we found it too inconvenient to have it upon this sheet.

In answer to the queries put to us by a correspondent, we have to say, that the solophon is new to the public in its improved state and compass. The principles of the instrument are similar to the German solina, but may be traced back to the Chinese organ, which has been long known in this country, and consists of a small circle of reeds, with tongues, which vibrate in an aperture when the reeds are blown into with the mouth. The novelty of the present instrument is the mode of application of these tongues or springs, in such a form as to admit of a great increase of power, and an extended compass of six octaves, from double F upwards. Several have been imported, and attempts made here on the organ principle, like the above, with from three to four octaves; but none have come near it in the qualities above described.

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